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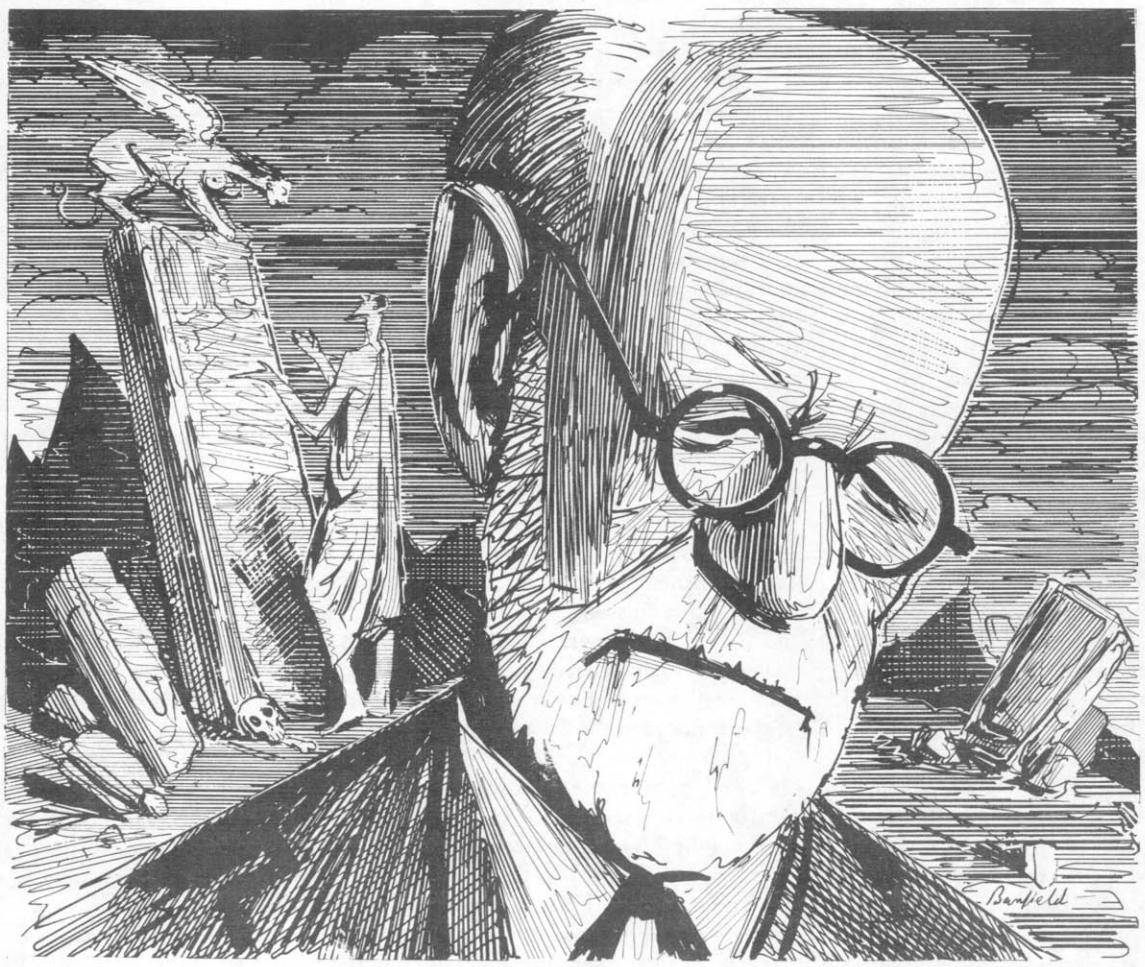

Joseph Adelson: Sigmund Freud, Erratic Genius

John P. Sisk: The Romance of Pornography

Arnold Beichman: An Open Letter to Brzezinski

Christopher C. DeMuth: Fighting the "New Class"

Philip Terzian: Why Carter Took Us

Whit Stillman: Under the Condor—A Story

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THE CONTINUING CRISIS

• November, and in old Russia the jovial faces of the comrades suggested that something really swell was in the air. Perhaps the Pope had died. Possibly the New York Stock Exchange had collapsed. Maybe the KGB had released its estimate of the mean IQ of the White House staff. Actually something even more fabulous filled their minds. November 7 was the sixtieth anniversary of the glorious Russian Revolution, and it is a merry Bolshevik who is still around to cheer. Think of it! Sixty years of progress, six historic decades that have catapulted the model socialist state beyond even the volupt dreams of Ivan the Terrible, a progressive to be sure, but one whose dungeons were mere Dairy Queen stands compared with the spacious, modern facilities of the present regime.

• The ordinary citizenry tramped into the romantic square chastely attired in ankle-length coats of every imaginable shade of brown. The womenfolk wore their traditional babushkas and galoshes, yet there was more than a hint of the fabled Soviet prosperity, for many of the babushkas had obviously been ordered from chic Murmansk. True, the ordinary citizens are a saturnine lot, but oh how they did roll their eyes and rub their tummies at the unprecedented display of weaponry parading before Lenin's tomb, where the old rascal lies embalmed and full of mold.

• In the reviewing stand stood the Rt. Hon. Leonid Brezhnev, 70-year-old wizard of dialectical materialism and hope of oppressed peoples everywhere. No muttonchops for him, no wide white belts, white shoes, or maroon doubleknit suits with white ties and green shirts. Nonetheless, there is about him something of the hick chiseler, for Papa Brezhnev is the most shameless liar now practicing in that endless and frigid Arkansas that is the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics. The old flimflammer's greased diatribe moved from deception to deception, and he could have burnt out every lie detector in the world had an international linkup been made.

• As spanking new T-72 tanks and high speed artillery swooshed before him, the head thug pontificated on his admiration for simple defensive weaponry. As the common folk shivered at his feet, he sang of Soviet prosperity. As the KGB's patriots tightened their noose around Sakharov and the villainous dissidents, he assured the tremulous wherever they might be: "The cause of the people's liberation is indomitable." Meanwhile, over at the SALT II talks, chief U.S. negotiator Paul C. Warnke proceeds from his compelling premise that if only the United States would not make it prohibitively expensive for Brezhnev to build Russia into the world's military colossus, the comrades would transform their economy into a consumers' utopia, abundant with credit cards, Chevrolets, and CB radios. Already Mr. Warnke has promised them a four-to-one advantage in payload and a potentially similar advantage in warheads; now he talks of pruning back our research effort. But, unless an unexpected plague wipes out the entire United States Senate, sparing only Senator George S. McGovern, catastrophe awaits Mr. Warnke when he brings his darling to Capitol Hill.

• In San Francisco, the district attorney is bringing suit against General Mills and Mr. Bruce Jenner, having caught the 1976 decathlon champion—a professed Wheaties eater—lasciviously abandoning himself to orange juice and grits in a San Francisco hotel. And months of guessing ended on November 10 when Lord and Taylor's department store gave its revered Rose Award to proletariat playwright Miss Lillian Hellman, sole survivor of the 1950s Anti-Communist Terror, for her "unwavering crusade for personal dignity." Lord and Taylor's intense interest in personal dignity goes far back to the early 1970s when it became the first New York department store to allow men to try on women's lingerie in its fitting rooms—no questions asked.

• At Baltimore's Towson State University an audience of 1,200 students and faculty sat in rapt attention as Mr. Truman Capote tumbled head over hoofs en route to the lectern, propped himself behind it, and commenced babbling nonsensically, abusively, and esoterically. Modernists in the audience took notes. Yet university officials grew suspicious, and when the illustrious author of *House of Flowers* suddenly belched and took on a queasy pallor they moved fast, rushing him to safety, and pronouncing him "overcome by alcohol" and unworthy of his $3,500 honorarium—a philistine response and a tragic ending, for Mr. Capote informed the *Baltimore News American*: "I am a genuine alcoholic....This is my final, farewell appearance." And so adieu to the $3,500-martini-lecture.

• From the White House comes sound evidence that the Wonderboy is making good on his promise to get the country moving again. October wholesale prices rose by the largest increase in six months, and unemployment climbed to seven percent. The administration is returning to Hungary the Crown of St. Stephen, ancient symbol of Hungarian nationhood, despite rebukes by George Meany and other curious fish. Presumably there is a human rights angle to all this, possibly the right of despotisms to pillage a nation's past as well as its present. In Oxford, England, suitors of Miss Ruth van Herpen nervously crossed her number from their datebooks when it was revealed that that kiss bestowed by her on a painting at the Oxford Museum of Modern Art had caused $1,260 damage. "I only kissed it to cheer it up. It looked so cold," said the passionate young beauty as dozens of young Englishmen scrutinized their faces for signs of the pernicious effects of Miss van Herpen's mysterious lips.

• In earthy Westwego, Louisiana, charges of disturbing the peace and cruelty to animals were clamped down on Mr. Thomas Bertrand after he was nabbed while preparing a feast of fried cat. Thus does government continue its Procrustean regimentation of our lives. Tulsa, Oklahoma's policewomen were thrown into a fury when that city's prosecutor refused to file charges against two men who, when stopped for questioning by policewomen Perri Burnette and Rosie Nadeau, kissed them. Faced with a two to three-year wait for the National Health Service to remove a painfully infected gall bladder, Northampton, England's Mrs. Rita Ward hijacked an NHS hospital bed and negotiated immediate treatment. In England today, 590,000 patients await operations on a list that increases by one percent per year—splendid testimony to the popularity of socialized medicine. And in New York City Mrs. Adeline T. Muhlenberg passed on to her reward. Mrs. Muhlenberg, a selfless crusader in the cause of women's one-piece bathing suits, was carried off by the *polizia* in 1909 when she removed her stockings for a swim. This was a woman.

• From November 18th through the 20th thousands of maniacs met in Houston, Texas, to give personal testimony to the very special role hate has played in their lives and to pass absurd resolutions, the majority of which would be judged offensive even in Berkeley, California. The federally-funded grousing exhibition abounded with louts, cranks, and sexual deviants; and when on November 19 the press reported that 14 percent of the sea gulls on an island off California were lesbians a resolution of solidarity seemed imminent. Some observers expected the convention to invite members of the flock to Houston. Nothing of the kind occurred, but supporters of the lesbian rights resolution indubitably derived profound reassurance from these ornithological findings. In Hagi, Japan, a man, angered by the putative mischief of a stray cat, drenched it in kerosene and lit it, only to watch it enter, ignite, and destroy a historic 209-year-old building.

• Finally, in Indiana civil libertarians were stunned late in the month by an act of judicial vengefulness unprecedented in recent years. A Criminal Court Judge imposed a 20-year jail sentence on a young man for nothing more than first degree burglary, armed rape, and assault and battery with intent to kill. Returning home from a late-night party last March, the high-spirited young man broke into a neighbor's apartment, stabbed her repeatedly with a knife (his vision is not good), slashed her a number of times with a broken bottle (early malnutrition has left him indecisive), raped her, and left her for dead at the feet of her bemused six-year-old son. With unassailable logic, defense counsel pointed out that the victim did not in fact die. An appeal will be forthcoming, yet for now the sad young man remains sequestered with common criminals.

—RET

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EDITORIAL

Worst Book of the Year

R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr.

Robert Lowell Coover is a writer who, for a man of middle years, invests an unusual number of his waking hours thinking about underpants. And so very intellectual are the thoughts underpants inspire in him that many prominent universities pay him hard cash to take up residence and think some more. Life with the profs and the collegians apparently appeals to Coover, for he has spent most of his adult years in such challenging environs as Wisconsin State University, in dynamic Superior, Wisconsin, where he served as writer in residence and, if I know my fish, kept the local juvenile authorities hopping.

Coover is one of those academically inclined novelists who roost on or near college campuses, attentively gathering preposterous theories from crank pedants and transforming them into literature...from fiction to fiction, the lifecycle of an ideologue's truths. All the trendy moonshine born of the bogus learning of sociologists, psychologists, and other certified *poseurs* turns up in Coover. His is a busy afflatus, and never could elucidating the significance of American underpants satisfy his genius. He has dared to peer beyond, and as the Coover *ouvre* unfolds we see him assiduously weighing the meaning of armpits, halitosis, nocturnal emissions, and every imaginable aspect of the toilet stool—matters too long shunned by the nation's less sophisticated, less percipient writers. Here, in areas once thought to be the special preserve of hospital orderlies and washroom attendants, Coover finds occasion for historical, philosophical, political, and even theological statement. Thus Coover's audience is limited. His complicated masterpieces are for progressives of a decidedly academic inclination; who, but the willing victims of faculty meetings and departmental cocktail parties, would gobble up his message that human existence is bizarre, ghastly, and absurd? Not only is such a thesis girlishly theatrical, it is unoriginal.

Yet Coover spouts it bravely in books, in plays, and at places like Bard College and Washington University in St. Louis, Missouri, where he has reigned as brooder in residence. Coover is—as Joseph Epstein recently noted—an ardent member of the adversary culture, and so his absorption with what admirers call "the cosmic questions" has about it a ludicrous predictability and an invincible ignorance. Once boomed as an intelligently critical stance toward western bourgeois society, the adversary culture has in recent decades settled into a smug orthodoxy celebrating values antithetical to bourgeois society, namely: unreason, intolerance, coercion, and cultural primitivism, plus anti-anti-Communism and anti-Americanism. This is the stance that so idiotizes modern novelists that men like Coover and E.L. Doctorow become capable of believing almost any elaborate conspiracy so long as it is not directly connected with the John Birch Society.

THE
HAROLD ROBBINS
AWARD

The Public Burning
by Robert Coover

HONORABLE MENTION

The Rage of Edmund Burke
by Isaac Kramnick

Edmund Burke made comprehensible for readers of *Psychology Today* and other collectors of arcane gossip. Isaac Kramnick is at one with Rona Barrett.

Loose Change
by Sara Davidson

Prima facie evidence against ever sending the enduring flapper to college at the University of California, Berkeley. Next to Miss Davidson, Jayne Mansfield was a suave genius.

All the adversary culture's advanced values inhere throughout Coover's most recent book, *The Public Burning*, an unspeakably dreary 534-page scow of a novel that shudders along propelled by at least three inverted insights: a) the Rosenbergs were innocent of espionage and only guilty of being quite the nicest Americans since Sacco and Vanzetti; b) the villainous United States government framed these two patriots as "expiatory victims of the cold war"; and c) Russian Communism in the early 1950s was harmless if indeed it even existed. Coover depicts Russian Communism as "The Phantom," a gimcrack term evincing his artistic indebtedness to comic books and TV.

As with so many of the modern academic novelists Coover prides himself not only as a prober of the "cosmic questions," but also as a theoretician of the novel. "[W]hen something hits us strong enough, it means it's something real," he is quoted as having said in *Critique* magazine, and in *The Public Burning* he wallops his readers with one colossal reality after another. Thought-provoking is the scene in which Vice President Richard Nixon secretes himself in Ethel Rosenberg's cell for an amorous tryst shortly before 2,000 volts of electricity make her a saint. Then, too, there is the dramatic moment when members of the Supreme Court struggle through voluptuous mounds of elephant droppings en route to the Times Square execution of Ethel and her mate. And finally, in a scene that bids fair to become one of the most pondered passages in American literature, Uncle Sam anoints Richard Nixon for the presidency by sodomizing him. Some two thousand words are devoted to this metaphysical exchange, and from the finely-detailed sketch of the impaled Nixon one can only conclude that the scene is the product of years of first-hand research by the author.

How these scenes of what is real might affect other readers I cannot say; but they had a fearsome impact on me, causing great freshets of perspiration to run from my brow and putting an unexpected curl in my hair. For me Times Square will never seem quite the same. Henceforth I shall furtively sniff every passing breeze for one last whiff of the noble Ethel, hoping always not to mistake her for that elephant manure. The image of Nixon amorously fondling the Marxist-Leninist Beelzebub banished forever the lingering admiration I held for our 37th president. I am transformed. This is art.

But it is the art of a bygone era. Today the profit margins are down for 1960s barbarism and for that easy nihilism so frequently manufactured by holders of Guggenheim Fellowships and Rockefeller Foundation grants. This past summer, midst huge anticipation in the literary world, *The Public Burning* slid down the ways, steamed out into the channel, and sank. The faithful did everything they could to salvage it. Professor Thomas R. Edwards hollered from the *New York Times Book Review* that the wreck was actually "an extraordinary act of moral passion." In the *New Republic* a genuine teacher of contemporary fiction from the University of Cincinnati hailed it as "a major achievement of conscience and imagination." But the musky fragrance of moral passion, conscience, and imagination could not arouse the old clientele. After Solzhenitsyn and Cambodia, America-loathing and anti-Communist-

(*continued on page 37*)

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John P. Sisk

Pornography, Censorship, and the Cult of the Wild West

The legend of the Western hero glorifies an evasion of adult responsibilities that is still compelling to American males. Pornography is but a spectator version of playing cowboys and rustlers on the sexual frontier, and the resistance to censorship is in fact a fear of the combined threat of women and civilization.

Pornography makes strange bedfellows. Ellen Willis, for instance (see her column in the March 24, 1977 *Rolling Stone*), is appalled on the one hand by the proliferation of pornography with its degrading images of women, and dismayed on the other hand by those feminists who cannot see that to appeal to the censor, even where the most obnoxious pornography is concerned, is a disservice to the cause of women. One can, perhaps, agree with Ms. Willis that women have good reason to protect from the lusts of the censor the pornography and obscenity that threaten them. But one can also say, perhaps with even better reason, that the dislike of censorship—whether directed against pornography or any other promise of release from moral stricture—has been a conventional expression of a male need to escape from the combined threat of women and civilization. One may even suspect that the American male's dislike of censorship conceals a conviction that pornography makes possible a true frontier experience, the closing off of which can only result in impoverishment of spirit.

It is clear enough that American literature—to say nothing of popular myth and legend—has had a long love affair with males whose pre-adult status has generally been identified in such honorific terms as to cast adulthood itself in a villainous role. One thinks of the sensitive and embattled adolescents in the fiction of Twain, Stephen Crane, Hemingway, Thomas Wolfe, James T. Farrell, Fitzgerald, John Knowles, and the early Capote.

There are a number of reasons for this accent on juvenility. For one thing, there is the matter of story necessity: The young have (or at least it is easy for adults to believe that they have) the kind of physical and passional vigor, the rebelliousness, curiosity, openness to experience, and mobility that get them into the right kind of trouble. Twain's Huck Finn, Hemingway's Nick Adams, and Salinger's Holden Caulfield are not only satisfactorily trouble-prone, but the trouble they get into makes for handy symbolic repetitions of the national experience: open-ended adolescent America putting behind it the history-shackled adulthood of Europe. Youth (the most beautiful word in the language, as Henry James once wrote in his notebooks) is easily assimilated to Emerson's Party of Hope. Youth can always strike out for the territory and so elude the long arm of the censorious establishment of elders—the Party of Memory which is anxious to make the present and future conform to the familiar past.

Put in these terms, it is easy to see that the formulation of youth and adulthood in America can result in melodramatic entrapment: the youth aspiring not to become father to the man but to fight off the man lest he lose all his clarity, vigor, and virtue. In so far as one is a captive of this melodrama it is not simply hard to become adult; it is a tragedy, if not a disaster. Writers as different as Lionel Trilling, Phillip Rahv, Richard Hofstadter, Reinhold Niebuhr, and R.W.B. Lewis have observed this American trait with varying degrees of critical severity; but none of them has come down quite so hard on it as Kenneth S. Lynn in the Fall 1976 *Daedalus*.

In his "Adulthood in American Literature," however, Professor Lynn is concerned less with the thematic glorification of literal adolescents than with the extent to which 19th and 20th-century fiction appeals to young readers because of the childishness of the adults in it. Like Fenimore Cooper's Natty Bumpo, the classic American writers with few exceptions evade "the painful problem of being old in a young country" and "deny the realities of adulthood"—especially the realities of family and community life. Irving, Poe, Melville, Twain, Howells, James, and Stephen Crane all display that "psychic immaturity that inspired so many childish themes" no less than Fitzgerald, Hemingway, Salinger, Norman Mailer, and Kurt Vonnegut, Jr.

For Professor Lynn, Rip Van Winkle and Thoreau are typical. Easygoing Rip, whose entire life had been an evasion of responsibilities, escapes into his 20-year sleep, leaving his wife "who symbolized the hateful responsibilities of work and marriage" to contend with the consequences of his incompetence. Thoreau at Walden Pond, "seeking an alternative to the quietly desperate world of work and marriage," writes a book every episode of which "reveals an astonishing immaturity." Thus for him, like the "other escape artists of his time, life is an endless series of get-aways."

Influenced as we have been in recent years by the efforts of the human potential movement to redefine self-centeredness as a virtue, any view of American literature that suggests, as Lynn's does, that narcissism in American males has been too routinely defined as a praiseworthy passion for autonomous life is bound now to seem extreme, even perverse. Nevertheless, it is worth noting how much truth there was in this view—at least on the level of legend, fiction, and drama—as the nation moved westward after the retreating frontier.

On the level of lived historical fact, of course, the pioneering effort was often enough an effort of cooperating adults: the men clearing and planting the land, getting in the crops, fighting off Indians and rustlers; the women managing their appliance-free sod house and log cabin households, rearing the children, and performing numerous chores now generally thought of as male. Some of this cooperativeness is apparent on the level of story (and a

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capacity for cooperation between the sexes is itself an important identifier of adulthood). As Henry Nash Smith has indicated in *Native Land*, there are versions of Western heroes like Daniel Boone, Kit Carson, Davy Crockett, and Buffalo Bill that glorify them as champions of social progress, selflessly concerned, as Smith says of Boone, "with scattering knowledge through the heathen wilds, and mending the state of universal man." Or as Frank Norris once put it, our true Western hero, "the Hector of our ignored Iliad," was a law-maker, not a law-breaker, a hard drinker, or a cheater at cards, not a trigger-happy barbarian, but a man who loved his horse, his friend, and little children and "was always ready to side with the weak against the strong, with the poor against the rich."

But in their far more popular version, Smith points out, such figures find the agricultural hinterland as confining as the civilized Eastern seaboard. Thus the primitivist Boone is "a fugitive from civilization who could not endure the encroachment of settlements upon his beloved wilderness," and felt cramped if there was another human being within a hundred miles of him; while Carson, having begun his life as a pure and noble pioneer of empire, is soon transmogrified into a rip-roaring, freedom-loving mountain man, as ill at ease with the amenities of civilization as Thoreau was. If such untamed superstars rescue damsels in distress it is hardly preliminary to the act of joining with them as adult males in order to domesticate the wilderness. They are too busy functioning as prologues to that version of Lindbergh's great trans-Atlantic flight that emphasizes its frontier achievement as man alone.

Indeed, the legend of the Western hero, especially in his role as cowboy, lends itself to a glorification of the evasion of adult responsibilities that is still compelling to American males. One result is the frequency with which in Western fiction and movies it is the women who struggle to establish those prime institutions of civilization, schools and churches, while their men either drag their feet or get caught up exuberantly in those violent frontier games beside which church and school-building are at best dull pastimes.

One must, as noted, concede that behind the fiction is often enough the historical fact of a necessary division of labor in frontier life, where men and women are put to the test together under conditions in which our own sexual pieties and anxieties are not especially relevant. To head off rustlers at the pass may be to accept one's adult responsibilities to civilization no less than to cooperate in the building of a school. The significant thing, however, is the context in which one puts the act, the theme one asks it to serve, as it passes from history into myth. At the latter level, as countless Westerns have indicated, we have not only remained ambivalent about the value of civilization but enthralled with the evasions of adult responsibility as cowboys and rustlers cooperate symbiotically to keep their zestful play going.

In the mythical world of the Western the classic place of evasion is the saloon, that frontier club where gambler, cowpoke, gunman, rustler, and wild mountain man come together in those violent sports that are often less the by-products of the act of trying to tame the wilderness than its justifications. This is why no amount of realistic detail can keep most Western movies from being romances in which is rehearsed one of the more subversive assumptions of romance: that civilization is not an assignment but the boundary beyond which the playground begins.

The saloon as playground is not complete without its playgirl: the prostitute who, if gunplay is not an adequate sublimation, becomes the prime means for the evasion of adult male sexuality with all its domestic and cultural concomitants. No doubt the Western story has made a major contribution to a myth that dies hard with the American male: that the best of all sex is sex with a prostitute—not least because, thanks to her indiscriminate and uninhibited sexuality, she can be imagined as dwelling close to elemental and vitalizing forces, whereas sex with a wife is spoiled by cultural conditioning.

Of course, the heroes in Westerns are not generally the ones who consort with the available prostitutes. Until fairly recent times most Westerns had to be classified as romances in the conventional sense of the term: man-meets-and-wins-woman stories that ended, once the obstacles to amorous union had been overcome, at the foot of the altar—and so promised that the man was on the verge of assuming adult responsibilities, with whatever fond backward glances at his abandoned playground. "Romance is only another name for idealism," wrote Zane Grey, quite apparently with his own Western heroes in mind. The cowboy hero in the classic Western (Tom Mix, William S. Hart, Ken Maynard, Hoot Gibson) had a purity of heart and a capacity to idealize—especially women—that suggests the medieval knight. He cleaned up the wild and woolly West so that it was a fit subject for family audiences.

Nor should this fact be put down lightly. Such idealizations have more cultural value, particularly in curbing the human race's high potential for barous regression, than we are willing to allow nowadays. The success of any society depends on its capacity to distinguish between those idealizations without which it cannot sustain its values and those that are simply sentimental evasions of its responsibilities. Unfortunately, it is abundantly evident in the classic Western movie that the idealizations of Western romance are largely an overlay, and that what they really glorify is the hero's reluctance to come to man's estate and to accept the responsibilities of adult sexuality. Evasion itself, interpreted as a stubborn and courageous refusal to submit to the emasculation of civilization, is then the hidden theme of the romance. For early cynics, this fact was symbolized in the typical Tom Mix silent movie by the arrangement of the final scene, in which the head of Mix's horse, Tony, was interposed between the handsome and smiling faces of the lovers.

This being so, the closing of the frontier in 1890, which might have been interpreted as a signal to concentrate all efforts on the building of civilization, could only have been a traumatic event that aroused ambivalent feelings in many American males. If a frontier is the best of all playgrounds—a place where it is possible to evade responsibilities with a clear conscience—then the closing of it can only be a threat analogous to censorship. At the same time, the possibilities for evasion become and remain analogous to pornography, and it is hard to resist the suspicion that much of the resistance to censorship of pornography is at bottom a fear that what is at stake is one of the few remaining frontiers of male evasion. Pornography—one of the cheapest and least risky ways of indulging what Professor Lynn calls "psychic immaturity"—is, in fact, a spectator version of playing cowboys and rustlers on the sexual frontier. Menaced by censorship, it becomes the subject of an idealizing and distorting romance in which the protagonist who has assimilated to himself the whole cause of freedom needs an antagonist who has assimilated all the forces of repression. This being the case, it is not hard to understand why so many writer-intellectuals have sprung to the defense of Larry Flynt, even though, as one of his defenders, *New York Times* cultural editor John Leonard, conceded, Flynt's *Hustler* magazine is "offensive to women and other human beings" and Flynt himself is "a kind of toad in the erotic garden." Toad he may be; nevertheless, his right to publish and profit from pornography is thought to have affinities with the right to keep and bear arms, so that our political and social well-being is widely, if often rather nervously, believed to be as dependent on mayhem as on degradation.

Indeed, the romance of pornography is a way of refusing to come to grips with the issue of pornography and censorship except in a form that conveniently rules out many of its most bedeviling real-life complexities—including the complexity that it is all too easy to confuse genuine threats to the First Amendment with *Hustler*-like attacks on human society and the debasement of human beings. Given the power of this romance, it is no wonder that people, among them women who are so conspicuously its victims, at once abhor pornography and see no alternative to defending it from legal attack lest there result a domino-like collapse of all freedoms, a closing off forever of all possible frontiers. God knows, this is a familiar enough consequence when human beings do what they are so naturally disposed to do—overburden their symbols.

At the same time, men never quite forget that the lure of pornography is rooted in that "forfeit Paradise" of pre-puberty sexual fantasy, and ought therefore to be put aside as one puts

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aside those games of childhood that cannot serve some serious adult purpose. Hence the strategy of applying the term "adult" to the materials and the special enclaves of commerce that serve pornographic interests. On one level, to call a pornographic film or shop "adult" is to play a game with established convention or law, in which it is imagined that the law is frustrated because it can see no ready way to violate the terms of play: Either it must be a spoilsport or risk making a fool of itself. But in a deeper sense it is to play a game with oneself—a game in which an essentially boyish compulsion is disguised as a genuinely adult preoccupation: a true frontier encounter in which only two-gun cowpokes and tough mountain men can survive.

One of the refinements of the game, at least traditionally, has been the agreement among the players that the pornographic and obscene ought to be kept away from adolescent males, and females of all ages—with the exception, of course, of those honorary citizens of the adult male world, the prostitutes. This policy of containment has connections with the old-fashioned sense of the gentleman, and it has not been without its social utility, being, among other things, responsible for the role-playing that has so often saved us from the excesses of our virtues—if not from eruptions of our latent barbarism. Nevertheless, this policy also serves the cause of male evasion and self-deception by making it possible to believe that to indulge a psychic immaturity in sexual matters is a sign of adulthood. For the real dirty secret about pornography is that it is connatural to adolescence: to that capacity of boys to be as entranced with fantasies of sex—utterly divorced from adult heterosexual realities and responsibilities—as they are entranced with their passionate reenactments of the Wild West itself.

Similarly, the old convention that the adult male does not tell dirty stories in the presence of women is in one respect a recognition that the amenities of civilization are especially dependent on feminine virtue, and that when men and women are together these amenities must be honored and protected by civilities of language. Nevertheless, this convention, tending as it does to bracket females with adolescent males and therefore to downgrade civilization, can also be exploited for male self-deception and evasion. If women can be induced to acquiesce in his adolescent state, the male is less likely to feel guilty as he enjoys the camaraderie of the saloon and the sports of the frontier.

The irony is the extent to which women, having been induced to accept the male playboy's definition of liberated adulthood, now find it hard to oppose the obscenity and pornography that continue to threaten them even in their new "male" condition. Trapped in the enemy's camp, then, they find it all too easy to read novelists like Erica Jong, Joyce Haber, Lisa Alther, and Francine du Plessix Gray as propagandists for a new order, however much these writers may object to such oversimplifications of their work. Hence, they are widely read and admired as true frontierswomen, and one is tempted to say that their progenitors are those hard-riding, hard-swearing, gun-slinging heroines—Hurricane Nell, Phantom Moll, Wild Edna, Calamity Jane—who enlivened the Beattle dime novels in the last half of the nineteenth century. However, as Henry Nash Smith points out, not only were these ladies frequently disguised as men but they were largely male creations to begin with, so that they turn out to be simply refinements in the male's evasive frontier pleasures. There is then a historic appropriateness in the fact that so many men read Ms. Jong's *How To Save Your Own Life* and Ms. Gray's *Lovers and Tyrants* as pornography—as assaults on that enemy of all frontiers, the censor. No doubt, their pleasure in such fictions is often laced with uneasiness as they apprehend a usurpation of their own frontier privileges.

Ms. Willis, in her *Rolling Stone* column, reminds us of the extent to which the cult of pornography is bound up with an obsolescent but not dead bohemian tradition of revolt—a tradition that takes us back at least to that great moralist (as Simone de Beauvoir has called him), the Marquis de Sade. This is the tradition of transgression in which so many literary intellectuals have for nearly two centuries now been enthusiastically enrolled. The romance of pornography is, like the romance of the Wild West, bound up with the thrills of transgression which the censor obligingly helps to make possible by keeping the right amount of pressure on its devotees. If the censor refuses to stand fast, if he evades his responsibility within the structure of the romance, the protagonist is in danger of appearing evasive rather than virtuous, even to himself. Similarly, the primitivist version of Daniel Boone or Kit Carson needs an urbanized Eastern seaboard that will stand fast in its assumed civilized decadence.

One might say, then, that the pornographer faces a dilemma: He can only defeat the censor at his own expense and so in the long run has no alternative to keeping him in business. One might say, too, that one of the best ways to defeat the pornographer would be to let him have absolutely unrestricted access to his pleasures, in which case he would soon enough find ways to invent or invite back the opposition without which, by lacking structure, pleasure would become boredom. One might even imagine a condition of liberation in which pornographers, yearning nostalgically for a lost golden age of furtive pleasure, would come to place the same value on clandestinely obtained filthy pictures that neo-Nazi cultists place on their swastikas and assorted leather goods.

But all this is the dialectic of the long run, considered in the abstract and supported perhaps by a faith that—short of the point at which we run out of oil, food, drinkable water, and breathable air—some Hegelian synthesis will occur. Unfortunately, we live in the short run and must contend with a complexity of competing, interrelated, and mutually exacerbating dialectics. In these circumstances it is absurd to let the romance of pornography become a semantic trap for the terms of the debate. Those writers—Grace Paley and Susan Sontag among them—who petitioned the Manhattan District Attorney to ban the movie *Snuff* (in which a woman is portrayed as being hacked to death), on the grounds that it was an incitement to sexual violence against women, were refusing to fall into this trap. In Ms. Willis' view they were, no doubt, being seduced by the dialectic of the short run, but what common sense reason could they have had not to believe that left to its own logic the Wild West of the pornographer would only become wilder? □

Victor Baras
1945-1977

We are saddened
by the death, on November 13,
of our valued friend and contributor,
Professor Victor Baras.
—The Editors

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Philip Terzian

He Seen His Opportunity and He Took Us

For Jimmy Carter the pursuit of power is reason enough for his choice of trade. In another age he might have aspired to be Pope or Holy Roman Emperor.

It has been nearly a year now since Jimmy Carter put on his business suit and marched down Pennsylvania Avenue into the White House. I have no way of knowing what history will make of him; and neither, I suspect, does he. The reason I imagine Carter cannot conceive of any historical judgment for himself is because, above and beyond anything else about him, he is an ahistorical man. By that I mean—and it is an opinion confirmed even by hagiographic accounts of his rise—he is a creature of his times, a peculiar mutation of politics in the 1970s. Does he portend worse for the future? Will he seem statesmanlike in contrast to his rehearsing imitators? I think not. Political styles have a way of running in and out of fashion, and just as his own campaign profited from a kind of revulsion against the hypercommercial politics of the previous decade or two, so the Carter formula will remain *sui generis*. After all, the mechanics of Kennedy charisma have proved unworkable for his inheritors, and the mantle of "consensus" politics remains buried with Lyndon Johnson.

Like the serpent in the garden, he slipped quietly into our own political Eden, fed the electorate the Carterian apple, and slithered out again. We have fallen, moreover, without grace. His performance in office has disclosed, I hope, the unhappy knowledge that, even as we congratulate ourselves on our political maturity, we are not so wise after all, and sometimes even foolish. To be susceptible to Jimmy Carter is no recommendation for a people intent on taking themselves seriously.

This lies at the foundation of Carter's election. Is it so glorious that one without sin and above reproach can spring full-blown into political leadership? Of course, as his campaign progressed all the usual elements of partisan national Democratic politics gathered around him like a collapsing house of cards. Without them, at the end, he would have failed; but what made them so supplicant? It was his novelty as a candidate that made him outstanding, and attracted the important attention he needed. It is agreed that the field of candidates in 1976 was unusually large, and spread wide. But in 1976 the gladiators knocked each other out, avoiding the pitfalls of 1968 and 1972. They were not bound, either by doctrine or personal association, to an unpopular policy, and they were careful to keep their ears trained. (This was achieved by the employment of pollsters, whose new and baleful influence on politics can only just be calculated.) Jimmy Carter, in a crowded room of stamped and processed modern Democrats, by the use of a few gimmicks, could distinguish himself from them, and by the choice of those gimmicks, turn the head of the press—never a very difficult feat, but tricky to maintain after examination.

What was astonishing about Carter's primary campaign was not its sophistication, but its simplicity. Carter merely used the tools any small-beer Georgia politician would know: all style, no substance, but a style that appears to be the absence of style. Put another way, a quantity of nothing wrapped in pleasing terms. All those remarkable phrases—"I will never lie to you," "Why not the best?" "a government as good as its people," etc.—were so patent and shameless that political observers were caught in a dilemma. If they were truly the snake oil they seemed to be, then the electorate was still as gullible as it was supposed not to be. If they weren't nonsense, then they were heartfelt, as indeed they must have been, because they struck an undeniably responsive chord and ushered into political discourse qualities hitherto suppressed: honesty, integrity, candor—all fundamental political virtues, all discredited by contemporary political assumptions. Vote for me because I am good, and the others are, well, politicians—how could any candidate have been elected on so uncompromising a platform? It is to Carter's credit as a political tactician that he was able to parlay this uncertainty into political profit, and he proved, as he intended, that in that most cynical of ventures he was as good as any other.

It began for him four or five years before the election when, in the midst of McGovern's travail, it occurred to Carter and his advisers—all of whom, without exceptions and without additions, have moved with him to the White House—that he should, or at any rate could, be president. How did he arrive at that conclusion? It is part of Carter mythology that during his tenure as governor of Georgia he was approached at one time or another by the 1972 aspirants and, with his steely eye, decided that they were a pretty grim lot, and no improvement on himself. If they, he reasoned, could be president, there was no reason that he could not—in fact it was almost imperative that he run for president, too.

If the story is true, this tells us two unhappy things about Carter. First, that in his adulthood he should have believed that national aspirations somehow sprinkle magic dust on politicians is ridiculous, or at least naive. It also suggests something more ominous, and characteristic: Carter habitually concludes that he can take the measure of anyone and beat them at their own game. The pursuit of power, it would seem, is the reason, and reason enough, for his choice of trade. He once remarked that he thought the Navy an unsatisfactory career because it could lead only to being Chief of Naval Operations. Apparently, he enlisted not expecting to derive any satisfaction from a naval career, nor was he motivated by a desire to serve his country or even by a love of the sea—nothing as simple, or as reasonable, as that. What plum did it promise to fall in his lap? Leading the Navy was not sufficient; only the presidency, so it would seem, would be ample reward. In another age he might have aspired to be Pope or Holy Roman Emperor. To a schoolboy crammed with civics and charts of government organization, there were greater profits to reap. It is the sort of vanity that looks at art and unhesitatingly concludes that it can do as well. Alas, in the labyrinth of Democratic politics, Carter was right.

The political grail beckoned Jimmy Carter at an opportune moment. What had he to offer? Ostensibly, not much. It must be said in defense of most national figures that, in the course of their journeys, they accumulate about themselves a network of associates upon whom they can call when the moment is ripe. In

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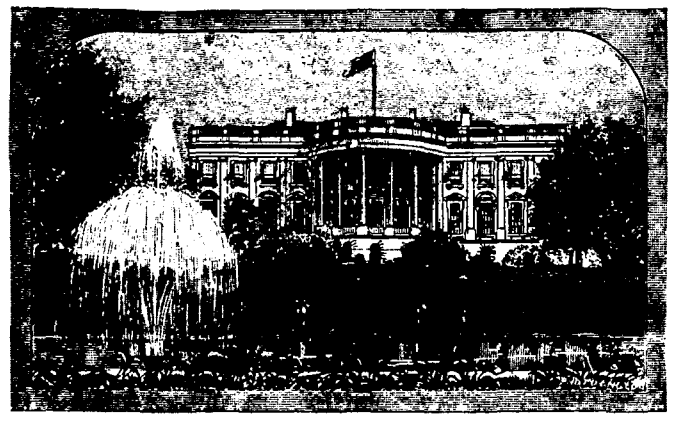
that way they are able, having gained power, to administer it. A lifetime of politics does at least offer experience and, more important, the knowledge of whom to turn to at the appropriate moment. It is part of Carter's problem now, and will remain inimical to him, that he has no such armor. His administration is inhabited by the inevitable types who attached themselves to him in the course of the campaign, and who slipped out of the woodwork at the last minute to enable him to fill the spaces he found so gaping during transition.

But he did manage, having decided to attempt the presidency, to worm his way into those councils that would, at strategic moments, prove valuable in the future. Having been declared the sort of "new South" statesman beloved of the press, he turned Georgia into a sort of way station for causes and effects. He hung Martin Luther King's portrait in the state capitol. He involved himself in the activities of the Democratic National Committee and the Trilateral Commission. Having failed to work his will in his own state, he turned his publicity engines in a national direction. It is not so difficult to establish a reputation for oneself: A few phrases and gestures will suffice, so long as they are conspicuous. For the governor of Georgia to have hung King's portrait in the capitol was exactly the sort of symbolic—and ultimately meaningless—act that would impress him, subliminally, on the national consciousness. With that, he gave himself a unique sort of bridgehead as the Southern moderate alternative, a designation, in our geopolitical mania, with its own particular advantages.



Carter was also lucky in time. The Democratic Party was, in the early and mid-1970s, and still is, gripped in a kind of irrational self-examination that has become destructive enough to suggest it is no longer necessarily a political enterprise. The Democrats, once again, have been saved by the protracted extinction of the Republicans, and in the absence of an alternative and with the spectacle of Richard Nixon, have prevailed in spite of themselves. But it has been the wisdom of the Democratic Party to turn, in its agony, against those attributes that have made it in any sense a party at all, and that have given it its electoral edge during this century. The specter of reform has haunted it, and very nearly done it in. The process of candidate selection has become a kind of gratuitous obsession—a theological debate—that has come close to defeating itself by inadvertence. In the bad old days, after all, the Democrats nominated Roosevelt, Truman, Stevenson, Kennedy. In the bright light of reform they have given birth to George McGovern and Jimmy Carter. Is this reform? Is reform a renewal or a purgative?

Carter also benefitted from that curious suspension of belief in politics that still seems to grip informed circles, and has therefore hypnotized politicians themselves. It is perhaps a measure of our times that political gain can be measured by separating oneself from the very practice of politics; or, as one local Virginia candidate has it, his first qualification for political office is that he is "not a politician." So, having spent the last 20 years of his life as a politician, Carter chose to present himself as an amateur. Americans have a weakness for citizen-politicians, and Carter, in his post-Watergate incarnation, took advantage of it in his most simpering fashion.

One can pass over in indulgent silence his lust for political office in Georgia, an obsession that reduced him, after his 1966 statehouse defeat, to a nervous breakdown, mollified by the ministrations of his faith healer sister. One can excuse his association with the Democratic National Committee, and his liking for gestures for public consumption—from his insistence on freedom for Lieutenant Calley to practically taking Martin Luther King, Sr., as his second wife. What are these but the courting of a constituency? Yet in our desire for a cleansing spirit they managed to wear a different coat: the man of the soil, dutiful son, boyhood friend of blacks, the steady, sturdy yeoman businessman who can look you straight in the eye. Of course, it was never so; Carter is as cynical as the next, and in his presumption, perhaps supremely so.

The *Playboy* interview—the sort of psychological insight so frequently passed over for the sensation—is a case in point. It is not so much that Carter would give himself to the electorate among the porn—he of the reborn faith—but that he would cater to this audience so obviously. It is one thing to speak sincere nothings into the primary microphones and hope for the best; everyone does that. What everyone does not do is to tailor their remarks for so transparent a purpose. In *Playboy* Carter was speaking to the *Playboy* audience without apology, and in so doing was employing a technique readily acknowledged by his campaign minions. In the same way, he courted the press. Judgment was so nullified by Watergate that Carter managed to pull it off. The press was waiting for someone who was palpably not Richard Nixon, and Jimmy Carter, modulating his lugubrious voice, said that he was not. In fact, he disliked the notion of Washington so much he proposed to live there. And it worked.

His adversaries, of course, were knocking one another out. Who could or would care to distinguish between a press release issued by Birch Bayh or Morris Udall? Edward Kennedy, whose political moment I believe came and went in 1968, stood on the side. Humphrey was paralyzed, Jackson dull and predictable, Brown mysterious. Who else was there, finally, but him? It is true that his performance in the primaries was not so grand as fond memories suggest, but having to explain his early success compelled his interpreters to stick with their answers. By not being his adversaries—although remaining nothing in particular himself—Carter stood in contrast, and a Democratic Party, supine with desire, allowed him to ravish it.

He very nearly lost the election. Gerald Ford represented nothing but the past eight years and a half-hearted nomination by his own party, and yet he nearly extinguished the breath of fresh air. It has, of course, since been suggested that Carter's novelty lacked substance at the core, and it so apparently did that any other Democrat, under similar circumstances, would have thrown Ford out with aplomb.

There is always something appealing about the changing of the guard: a sense of anticipation, an excitement at the prospect of something new; but with Carter, no such emotions came to pass. There was a kind of joyless celebration at his election. In keeping with his dispirited rhetoric there was really nothing to say. The great issues had been debated and resolved a few years before. The economy was neither here nor there, no war raged, society seemed quiescent if not dulled. What significance was there in a new era? How could there be one?—events had passed the election year by. In spite of the lessons of Watergate (whatever they may be) the country sensed, in an unconscious way, that it had been taken again. In embracing the alternative to the past it had found itself entwined with an ambiguous present, something it could neither fully explain nor enthuse about. Images of this unfamiliar Georgian, his absurd smile pasted onto his malleable face, stared out during the months of transition like the whore with whom we awoke in the morning telling us we were married. →

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Carter has appealed to everyone and satisfied no one. He is neither a liberal, nor is he a conservative, nor is he a combination of the two. His administration is a curious, pasted-up amalgam of Democratic bureaucrats, zealots, and Georgia wheeler-dealers, the latter probably best personified by the late Bert Lance, a man who managed to carry banking practices into even further disrepute. He had been a political and financial fixer for Jimmy Carter, always ready with cash and contacts, and so became Carter's "closest" friend, a man the President claimed to know "as if he was [sic] my own brother." Of course, it need scarcely be added that a man drawing on the spiritual strength of the nation is mistaken to eulogize a small-town hustler like Lance whose very physical appearance summed him up. Where was Niebuhr, where was Dylan Thomas? They were back in the filing cabinet, waiting for use. In the meantime, the Republic lay in Bert Lance's pudgy fingers.

Carter has shot himself prodigiously over the landscape, still, a year into office, habitually referring to his campaign, still searching for the photo opportunity so important to his pollsters. His legislation, so broad and portentous in its concept; so inept and crude in its execution, has fallen to the floor in sticky disarray. He has, by so exaggerating the significance of the Panama Canal treaty, nearly insured its failure. American foreign policy is now personified by Andrew Young. What has Carter done but talk and dissemble? What has he done but enshrine the juvenile views of his staff into the government of the United States, government by undergraduates? How long, indeed, can he endure and prevail?

When I say that Carter is ahistorical I consider him in this way: Let us imagine that the art of government is a fortunate combination of events. It is one motion in reaction to another, and the action is presumably informed by a sense of the past, the failures of the past, and the promising future to which a knowledge of the past inevitably looks. It is the institution of policy, the direction of institutions. It is often not so much what is done but how, or, in Harold Macmillan's phrase, not necessarily action but the appearance of action. Action, however, and particularly action allied with power, is a sensitive proposition.

Carter, the eternal aspirant, has no sense of the presidency—what it is, what it means and can be. He has tutored himself in electoral tactics. He has the sort of ability that might serve the governorship of Georgia. But now he has moved out of the realm of returned telephone calls and rolled-up shirtsleeves. Now he finds himself, having served himself with zeal, naked to his enemies. The presidency, for good or ill, is the state, not the office. It is a repository of the national will, of symbols, of national dignity, and—in varying degrees—of passions. It is true that affairs of state have been reduced to scientific proportions; they seldom are the subject of artistic imagination, or allegory. But they remain the stuff of folklore nonetheless. We still revere individuals, we still have villains in politics, events still have a collective impact that is more pervasive than we might suspect. Some day Jimmy Carter and his brigade may reflect on the enterprise they have presumed, and shiver in apprehension. □

Constance Horner

Paid Parenthood: Cui Bono?

A special book review essay of All Our Children: The American Family Under Pressure *by Kenneth Keniston and the Carnegie Council on Children (Harcourt, Brace, Jovanovich, $10.95).*

When Fagin organized the children of London to pick the pockets of prosperous citizens, he enticed the youngsters with sweets and shelter, while oozing malevolence and greed. With similar intentions, latter-day entrepreneurial Fagins cheerily sell Corny-Snaps by offering children lumps of sugar. Modern-day bureaucratic Fagins, however, resort to a subtler method of profiting from children, financially and otherwise. They still use sweeteners, though of a rather different sort.

Take the 11-member Carnegie Council on Children. Established in 1972 by the Carnegie Foundation and directed by MIT psychologist Kenneth Keniston, the Council has spent the last five years and $2.5 million examining the American family. It has found this institution to be suffering from poverty, ill-health, and social disorganization. And it has devised a sweeping political remedy for all of these afflictions.

According to *All Our Children*, the "pressures" on the American family arise from a maldistribution of wealth, unevenly delivered health care, and corporate irresponsibility. Changes in family organization and durability are said to originate in the economic system. Further, in the Council's view, there persist certain "myths" of equal opportunity and family self-sufficiency that retard the politicization necessary to improve economic and, therefore, familial well-being. Since the Council ascribes virtually all failures of family health and happiness to aspects of "the system," rather than to the intellectual, social, or moral qualities of individuals, its remedy is, naturally enough, a change of system. The Council unequivocally rejects piecemeal solutions to particular social problems (mere "reformism") in favor of a new system of universal entitlements—a nationalization of children.

The Council's program is already garnering support from an impressive coalition of social-service agencies and businesses. There is something in it for everyone—from the directors of community health agencies (whose projected statewide budgets would rival those of many state governments) to the special teachers of legally unexpellable children whose violent behavior unsuits them for the classroom.

But to turn childrearing into a new regulated industry is no mean task. It requires, in fact, nothing less than a massive redistribution of income. The Council's ambitious plan suggests a guaranteed family income of 50 percent of the median income for a family of four (probably to be distributed through an income-tax credit system), as well as government-guaranteed, "meaningful" work for heads of households at wages of half the average for industrial workers. (The Council is "confident" that the "collective wisdom" of the nation's leaders will find a way to control the inevitable inflation.) To save the American family it seems necessary not only to abolish poverty, but also to equalize income; the Council believes that the stigma of even *relative* poverty is an unacceptable burden.

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Under the plan, any parent, married or single, who wants to remain at home to care for a child can become a federal employee and receive a wage. Under these circumstances, childbirth could become a substantial growth industry, as any citizen physically capable of fathering or bearing a child could obtain an otherwise unavailable income. Certainly no one would need to defer parenthood beyond the age of puberty in order to be sure he or she could earn a living first. Unfortunately, such a program might well result in an increase in the number of ill-prepared teenage parents.

The plans for income redistribution are accompanied by large-scale federal programs for the delivery of services. The recipient of the cash grant—or the government-provided wage—will have his expenditures preselected for him in a variety of ways. For example, national health care will be dispensed through a network of community health agencies which, according to the Council, will also enhance "racial, class, and cultural integration." So that the malnourished are not made to feel they have been singled out by the government, all citizens will be entitled to tax-supported nutrition.

But why all this profound discontent with things as they are? Why has the Carnegie Council concluded, in effect, that existing programs, worth billions of dollars, are not ample? It is apparent, first of all—and surely the Council knows it—that there has been a steady erosion of political support for "welfare state" programs, certainly for the idea of massive income transfers. Public opinion—even elite opinion—is skeptical of such programs as never before. It is thus likely that the Council perceives the need for a new rallying point, a new agenda for reviving old political enthusiasms. A decade ago, deprived minorities were the focus of, and the justification for, large-scale social programs. Now, perhaps, what society seems unwilling to do for some of our children, it may still be willing to do—for *all* our children.

Yet a close reading of the book reveals less obvious, but ultimately more important, political motives. No matter the Council's claim that it seeks to buttress the role of parents: The implementation of its program will serve mainly to erode the authority and example of parents, who alone can protect children from Society and State.

For instance, most people whose instincts are sound will, as soon as they become parents, begin to hate the drug pusher rather than pity him. They usually surprise themselves (and shock their childless friends) with their new concern for the child as victim of the criminal, rather than for the criminal as victim of society. An older instinct—the protection of one's children—forcefully asserts itself against those who would subordinate the interests of children to ideological causes.

How, then, does the Carnegie Council propose to diminish this instinct, which is to say, diminish the parent's natural resistance to a scheme that would give to the state many traditional parental and family responsibilities? The Council's answer is convenient: The idea of family self-sufficiency is, in our time, a myth. From this it follows that the values of privacy, autonomy, and individuality—the very qualities that allow the individual to resist the state—are also obsolete. Simply put, the Council believes that the family has already lost control of its own affairs, but to all the wrong people—to agribusiness, drug companies, commercial television networks, nuclear and chemical industries, and multinational corporations. The Council and the interests it represents—the academy, the foundations, the social welfare bureaucracy—say to the parents of America: "If only we had 'their' power and money, your children would benefit." Parents are thus asked to enlist on Professor Keniston's side of what is, at bottom, an intra-class struggle.

For all the Council's calls for family *independence*, the effect of its recommendations would be (probably intentionally) to enhance an already awesome dependency and passivity in the relations between families and the state. An unmarried mother paid to stay at home with her children is presenting them with a vision of dependent adulthood. Working outside the home and caring for children is difficult, to be sure; but even considering the stress on family life such a choice entails, it at least presents children with a picture of adult life in some vital, active connection to the world. It is a child's sense of efficacy which, more than anything else, gives him the emotional stamina needed for the long haul. Dependency, no matter how benign, is the opposite of efficacy.

Most parents tend to show a preference for child care in or near the home, often by the extended family still intact in the lower class and among the poor, a fact overlooked by the geographically mobile upper-middle-class people who make government policy.* Moreover, as of 1975 four out of five American children were cared for by their mothers during the day.† Yet the Carnegie Council perceives a "problem" of such urgency that it wishes to pay people to be parents—because it ascribes the problems of poor people to families at large, and defines "poor" to mean almost everyone. Nowhere in the report is there any suggestion that the growing numbers of poor, pregnant teenagers who condemn their children to poverty and ignorance are making a cultural, rather than an economic, decision, or that the decision is one which society at large may reject, or at least not subsidize. Nowhere in the report is there any suggestion that a 40 percent unemployment rate among black teenagers may be related, in part, to the cultural style of their upbringing.

In spite of anti-poverty spending and legalized abortion and contraception, unemployed, unmarried teenagers are having children at unprecedented rates. Is this not a social pathology which our society ought not further to promote? Would it not be more sensible to reward and reinforce, rather than discourage through taxation, our society's most productive, most trouble-free arrangement of family life—the two-parent family which defers and limits childbearing commensurate with income, and divides child care and income generation (in whatever fashion) between the parents?

Why does the Carnegie Council not direct our attention to this task? Its failure to do so is not accidental. It reflects, in part, the impulse of a portion of the educated American elite to commit an act of aggression against itself. It wishes to hold power—hence the design of the system it recommends—and to use that power to destroy the still predominant values of its own class, which it despises. Richard Wright, in his recently published autobiography, has some harsh things to say about well-off whites who use blacks and the poor to support their own, socially self-destructive impulses. The Council's book is evidence that the cruel process continues, this time using not just a class, or a race, but all our children.

• Suzanne H. Woolsey, *Daedalus*, Spring 1977.
† B. Bruce-Briggs, *The Public Interest*, Fall 1977.

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Ironically, the message will be especially well received by many of the affluent—those whose children, despite orthodontia and psychotherapy, experienced in the 1960s a period of wrenching isolation from family, caused not by the absence of money, but by a massive spiritual blackout. It should suffice to note that when parents lull their children to sleep with televisions in their bedrooms in order to buy time for their own, similarly anomic activities, no vital vision is informing family life. The people who will be most enthusiastic in their support of the Council's proposals are precisely those who ought to know better.

The influence of this report will arise also from the appeal of its rhetoric. The style of both prose and illustration reflects its common source with "Sesame Street" and "The Electric Company" in the Carnegie Foundation. Just as these Carnegie-developed Children's Television Workshop programs attempt to make reading as jazzy as Road Runner, *All Our Children* gives us quasi-socialism as sweet as World War II patriotism. Its conclusions are presented as merely the widening and flowering of old Americanism, with a sort of *Time*-essay-level pop history lesson on previously controversial and now accepted ideas. In the section on guaranteed jobs, a cartoon Uncle Sam rolls up his sleeves to go to work. A benign mother eagle, in another cartoon, broods over her baby birds. Indeed, *All Our Children* is so apparently impeccable in its intentions, and so establishment classy in its origin and tone, that it will doubtless glide effortlessly into college courses, church discussion groups, social action conferences, and school libraries, there to become a new source of conventional wisdom. What sounds radical to some now will, in the minds of those who absorb its ideas while young, be merely the "common sense" of a decade into the future. (Already a professional journal for teachers of young children calls it "a foundation and springboard for...analysis of public policy as it impacts on children's lives.")

In addition, the Council is running an ambitious promotional campaign and planning further publications which, within the year, will include books on the following subjects: patterns of child care and public policy; "the central role of a U.S. caste system as it influences occupational opportunities"; unequal distribution of wealth; the "social and economic" influences on children's attitudes; and the civil-rights movement for the handicapped.

All Our Children will find a receptive audience among people who sense that something is amiss in our family lives. And the Carnegie Council, in its insistence that the family can be renewed neither by parents nor children but only by the state, gives parents —rich and poor, black and white—nothing but subliminal encouragement to fail. The Council's recommendations, if accepted, will act to break down that personal sense of parental responsibility which is perhaps the last provision of nature for the protection of the species. If parents will not own their children, will not control and guide their physical, passional, intellectual, and spiritual lives, will the committee? Will the medical team? Will the counselor? Where is the individual child—human, citizen—in all this? He's nowhere. He's been transformed into a recipient of services, so that the dispensers of services can be employed and the directors of the dispensers of services can wield power, power over all our children, who are all of us. □

Kenneth E. Grubbs, Jr.

Amazon Journal: A Tourist's Odyssey

Iquitos, Peru—Twenty-one years ago Paul Wright took off from Southern California to ride his motorcycle to the tip of South America and back. He decided the Latin continent was insufficiently serviced by the tourist trade, so he started his own company, Wright Way Tours, headquartered in Glendale, California.

Wright made Lima something of a second home, doing more for U.S.-Latin American relations than Rosalynn Carter could achieve in a lifetime. He is well regarded as a major promoter of tourism to the region, and in his office here in Iquitos, the first major port on the Upper Amazon, he has employed several young Peruvians to work on his newly launched Amazon River Cruise and Amazon Safari Camp.

Iquitos, smack in the middle of the Peruvian jungle and approachable only by airplane or boat, has seen better days. There are reminders of the long-gone rubber boom (Wright's building was designed by Eiffel himself); and now there are a few signs the bust cycle will be ending. Believe it or not, they're building a Holiday Inn down here. It will be Peruvian owned and operated, of course. But they've got the Holiday Inn trademark—just as in Lima there is a Sears store—and they're counting on a wave of adventuresome tourists.

Probably not a hundred Americans have come to this area as tourists. And for very good reason. It is the primeval Upper Amazon, still largely uncharted since the days when such hearty European explorers as Alfred Wallace and Henry Bates braved the jungle territory. One explorer, Captain Faucett, got lost in the jungle, never to be seen again, and became a local legend. An intra-Peruvian airline is named after him.

Over the past century, all manner of entrepreneurs and adventurers have blazed through the area, making it possible for the tourism industry to establish a solid foothold. Cartography is imperfect: Down in Brazil, as recently as last year, they discovered a 400-mile river, one of the countless tributaries of the Amazon. In fact, we do not know for certain that our cruise down to Leticia, Colombia, is the 350 miles commonly estimated; they measure distance by the four days' time spent on the river.

At the Amazon Safari Camp, Wright's people have erected a cluster of thatch-roofed lodgings, and put in a bar and a restaurant. Renaldo the bartender mixes a mean concoction called a "Boa Constrictor," a series of which we consume, listening to a pickup band of local musicians. Blended with the incomparable sounds of the jungle, the music and the laughter carry you off in an exquisite escape from the modern world. No Caribbean cruise, this.

I decide to retire to my hut early. Pulling back the bed sheets, I'm met by a six-inch lizard that leaps out into the kerosene lantern light. The sight is almost enough to make me rejoin the Constrictor camaraderie. Not to worry, the camp crew laughs. A lizard in your quarters is good for you; lizards devour insects. Finally I grow so weary I couldn't care if a real boa were nestled in my room. And that cat's mourning just outside the camp perimeter—it sounds like a lullaby.

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The Amazon—*The Adolfo* (a family name) was built in Europe in 1905 and looks like an overgrown *African Queen*. The bottom deck houses the crew; the top has 12 two-bunk cabins, none mosquito-proof, some toilet-and-shower rooms, ditto, and a well-stocked bar made to order for Renaldo's genius. Home for the next four days. A great American saloon, in fact.

Consider the *dramatis personae*: 11 journalists on a junket; an unsinkable 77-year-old Memphis businessman and his dutiful valet; a German-American couple with a smart-alecky 11-year-old son; three young Frenchmen who aspire to be moviemakers; a Long Beach, California, ornithologist who looks like Van Heflin just back from Uganda (in fact, he *is* just back from Uganda); his bouncer-sized mate, Wally, who cannot return to Orange County lest he face jail for something shady and unspecified; beautiful Vieri (who's really Verushka, her parents being Czech *émigrés* to Lima, though she prefers a name reflecting her Peruvian birth); our Braniff guide; Paul Wright, the only man who can get us out of this; Charlie Wenderoth, the new owner of Wright Way Tours, whose very appearance is an oxymoron: Father Christmas on the Equator. And Captain Julio.

Captain Julio has the face of a macaw, and he chugs an incalculable quantity of a tolerable *cerveza* called "San Juan." He spends his time playing cards until the game turns against him, and then alternates between making morose political statements and cantoring Latin love songs. He changes clothes five times a day, not exactly *de riguer* on the Amazon, and crawls frequently into a hammock.

One night we run aground. The captain, who doesn't seem to realize we sensitive Yanquis need to stay in the middle of the river so as to escape the *cumulus* mosquitoes, plays cards long after most of us have retired. A young crewman is posted on the bow to look out for sandbars, but owing to the stormy weather he can see little. Suddenly, tree branches penetrate the deck area, and we are quite unmistakably beached. It has stopped raining, and the mosquitoes descend.

There is little choice but to go out and glower at the captain, who most graciously hooks you into his *cerveza*-chugging regimen, sings his love songs, and offers you free cigarettes. You don't refuse even if you're a resolute non-smoker, for you are in the midst of his, not your, predicament. All you can do is laugh maniacally and surrender to the Amazon Air Force as it sucks every square inch of your hide. (Fact: Those who took their vitamins, as good little travellers should, did not get mosquito bites.) Captain Julio is the *mañana* complex incarnate, not long for the same turf upon which Paul Wright walks, but he assuredly will get us back in the water in the morning.

The sun comes up at six, goes down at six. Always. I kick the cabin door open and see that we have pulled ashore again, this time at a Peruvian military base per government requirements. The soldiers must scrutinize the ship's documents, though just what kind of illicit trade this clumsy tub might be trafficking in escapes me. We have been forewarned to bring not so much as a camera into sight. Paranoid, these soldiers; also reputedly the only source of foreign goods in Peru—you have to know an officer.

We are docked next to a grassy cliffside. Presently a hundred screaming men in white undershorts hurtle themselves down the cliff toward *The Adolfo*. I am too groggy to panic; besides, there is nowhere to go. It's morning bath time at the base. The soldiers splash around in the river a few minutes, then the bugler summons them back to camp.

Is that all there is? I mean, why can't we wake up to an international incident?

I will sign any kind of affidavit just so long as, finally believing me, you will not regard me as suicidal or otherwise crackers. I deliberately went swimming in piranha-inhabited waters.

It is at the Tambo Piranha Lodge, and two of us—Dale Champion of the San Francisco *Chronicle* and myself—swim around the dock for a few minutes. The others, *pollos* all, renege on their Boa Constrictor-duressed pledges to do the same.

You've heard about piranha, those toothy little fish which, swimming in schools, will devour a cow or a person in minutes. They are without question vicious. I have some piranha teeth, attached to a necklace for which I traded some Mickey Mouse badges to the Yagua Indians. They resemble a jigsaw. Still, you must be cut and bleeding or idle or especially provocative before they will attack. The guides smile that swimming is perfectly—well, almost perfectly—safe.

What really concerns me is a nasty little water creature called the candiru, a tiny fish which homes in on the smell of urine and lodges itself in a swimmer's plumbing. It can be removed only by surgery. The chances of being so attacked? Roughly the same, Paul Wright tells me, of a virgin getting clobbered by a bus on a Pasadena street corner. I dive in.

Champion is in and out before I finish my swim. He starts to tease me with the information that piranha love to spend time around docks...at that precise moment something brushes across my leg. He does not finish his sentence before I flop onto the dock like a hooked catfish.

After nightfall a group of us decides to take the outboard in search of caimans—that's alligators. The river is up, so we're unlucky, spotting only two or three pairs of red eyes transfixed in our spotlight beam. We travel four miles up river, periodically shutting off the motor so as to surprise the caimans.

There is not a more beautiful, more hopeful, or more reassuring sound in the world, not Mozart or a lover's sigh, than the sound of that outboard coming back to life. One would not want to be up the Amazon, not this stretch of Amazon, without a paddle.

Each day, more Indian villages to visit. They are primitive, these Yaguas and Huitotos, some of them not long up from cannibalism, but they are touched by modern ways nonetheless. Now that tourism has recently come to their villages they have developed a trader's savvy which is at once a delight and a worry for those who want to see their ancient ways undefiled.

There is a pattern, everywhere. First, we take our jungle walks, padding through the mud, sidestepping quicksand, swinging (for fun, not necessity) on lianas, to their villages; or we pile into an outboard to cross the river in search of them. Next, the children—I take it that societies that produce so many children are basically optimistic, no matter their squalor—surround us, chirping their importunings, hands outstretched. We fill them as judiciously as we can with pencils and chewing gum and Disneyland trinkets.

Then comes the blowgun demonstration. The Yagua men, decked out in grass skirts and grass headdresses and a red juice from a common plant whose name escapes me (a natural mosquito repellent as well as a native cosmetic), pin a chewing gum wrapper on a tree 40 paces away. They take aim and blow: bullseye, bullseye, bullseye. The wrapper looks like an acupuncture point. Come to think of it, where *is* James Reston now that we need him? These blowguns are terribly accurate and terribly quiet, the darts tipped with poison *curare*. The hunters have achieved a proficiency with these weapons that an NRA marksman would envy. The village poultry will look scrawny and diseased, and the tapioca crops insufficient, but these people will never lack their beloved monkey meat.

Next, depending on the village, the tribal dances. We gather in the community lodge of the Huitotos, my favorites notwithstanding their cannibalistic past. They perform their ancient dances, some of the women bouncing babies around: a dance to the snake, a dance to the turtle, and so on. This is no chorus line, but they do

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it with an unsophisticated joy that is altogether endearing. You would think them guileless.

Ho ho. Now, the trading session. The Huitotos are noted for their fine barkcloth with simple geometric designs. They make dresses and loincloths out of this barkcloth and, for the benefit of tourists, little purses. They also make wall hangings called *chamchamas*.

I try to barter for a purse for a girlfriend. Chewing gum and Mickey Mouse badges won't do; the crusty old shaman wants cash only, and Peruvian *solez* at that. But the Yagua women, I cannot possibly communicate to him, were so transported by the Disney stuff that they eagerly traded piranha and monkey teeth necklaces for it. I begin to walk away, a universal bartering tactic from Tijuana to Tangier, and he calls me back. He points to a beautiful *chamchama* I'd thought out of the question. Then he points to my plastic rain poncho, which I'd purchased at a Southern California surplus store. Done! Of such surprises is the joy of bartering.

Later, we're off to another Yagua village. It is across the river, nearly a mile wide here, and the humidity is outrageous. Several of us, including Wally, pile into an outboard, which is so seriously weighted it begins to leak. For once, KTTV's Doug Dare puts down his movie camera, and with the single tin can on board begins to bail. The bottom of the boat filling with water, we breathe relief as we reach the other side...only to turn up a swampy inlet for another three-quarters of a mile.

Paul Wright smiles reassuringly as we get lodged between two trees. I chew on my Amazon River Cruise visor, by this time down around my neck, as I contemplate the real snakes swimming out there and the real piranha underneath and the romantic obituaries that will be written in Santa Ana and Seattle. Only now can I shake that ridiculous feeling that we've been cruising down the Adventureland streams in Anaheim; I rejoice for the intimation of reality!

Back on *The Adolfo* we demand *cervezas* and soft drinks. Even here we're served that weak Peruvian product called, yes, Inca Kola. Any more adventures like that and I will be Inca Pacitated.

A note concerning the children: The Amazonian Indians, unlike the distinctly unoptimistic natives of India, cultivate a birth control berry that is positively breathtaking in its simplicity and efficiency. Take it once—if you're a woman—and you bear no children. Take it again (or its antidote; I'm not sure) and resume childbearing. When the pharmaceutical companies get wind of this the tribesmen will not be content as happy little trinket traders. They'll have that insufferable glimmer in their eyes just like the Arab oil sheiks.

It is a theme perennially rediscovered by writers: Latin America, not to mention the Amazon, is simply unknown, except as an old geography lesson or recent newspaper headline, by the vast majority of North Americans, even by world travellers. Until you stand in one of its teeming cities, or slosh through a muddy Indian village, or cruise down the mightiest river of them all, or tread over a 1,500-year-old burial ground of one of the most mysterious civilizations ever—only then are you struck by the importance of this place, and by how unconscious of it you were before.

Certain signs indicate that more tourists are streaming into this continent. One day, the tourist industry hopes, the stream will become a river. First, the area will have to be discovered by the trend-setters, the people who have jetted everywhere else; if to South America, maybe to Rio or Bogota or Buenos Aires. Impossible to predict, but the Upper Amazon may be the next trendy watering spot, with rock stars hybridizing the Peruvian music and Hollywood romanticizing the Yaguas. They could do worse. □

Mary C. Norton

Education for a Different Whom

Danforth Fellows allegedly combine a commitment to college teaching with religious or ethical concerns. But their recent conference tells a different story—of the struggle against capitalist, racist, sexist, oppressive "Amerika." Who says the sixties are dead?

The introductory speaker beams, almost chokes, as he surveys us. How far we have come from those bad old days when he was—pardon the sexist term—a Danforth Fellow. Why, at their New Fellows Conference twenty years ago he and his colleagues had been so smug, so insular, so...white. Meetings were held "under the shadow of a cross," and afterwards "we hugged the wives we were going to exploit." Ah, but he is here with us today. He has overcome himself.

As, apparently, has the Danforth Foundation. It began, we are told, with William Danforth, an entrepreneurial capitalist and evangelical Methodist who made a fortune with Ralston Purina, and then established a foundation to support, among other things, the graduate education of individuals committed to college teaching and religious values. Lest we be dismayed by this dubious connection, Warren Martin, director of the Fellowship program, assures us that Ralston Purina has no control over the Foundation's policies. As if to demonstrate the truth of this, he describes at length and with much glee the corporation's most recent transgressions. But what is most convincing of the Foundation's divorce from capitalism, to say nothing of Methodism, is Martin's boast that it is spending its assets—not just, he hastens to add, its income—faster than any other foundation.

Certainly the Foundation has overcome the ethnic and religious prejudices of its founder. We are an HEW dream come true: 51 women and 49 men, 16 blacks, nine Chicanos, one Puerto Rican, one Native American, and one American Indian (sic). And all varieties of unbelief are welcome. Yet, claims Martin, there is a unity underneath this deceptive diversity. We are in fact all "marginal centrists" who have "opted to avoid extremes"; but we have also "opted for reform over the status quo."

A rumble is heard in the audience. Bodies shift uncomfortably in their seats. Throats are cleared. Sounds a voice from the rear, "Hey, man, some of us have been *otherwhere*!" And away we go.

The next morning my roommate rouses me with the news that I have slept through all the action. The Conference is organizing, and we are on the march. Caucuses —black, Chicano, feminist, gay—have bloomed in the night, and

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already a coalition has been formed. A sign on the bulletin board in the lobby announces: "The Left [non-marginal-centrist] Caucus will meet at 4:00 p.m. for persons involved in the working class, Third World, feminist, gay, and other progressive struggles." Indignation runs high. Tales of life on the barricades are exchanged.

The impending revolution must, however, be postponed. For the next three hours we are asked to sit through lectures on "Education for What?" and "Education for a Different 'What?' " It is soon apparent that a consensus exists as to both whats: They are the same, and they are social change. The university is co-optative, tyrannical, exploitative—and it is the institution which these future professors have chosen as their best weapon in the ongoing struggle.

The speakers, I am later told, are not meant to agree. The first, Vartan Gregorian, Dean of Arts and Sciences at the University of Pennsylvania, is to be our token defender of traditional educational values. Yet, though he does begin with a few good words for liberal education, he retreats under a barrage of accusatory questions from liberal education to "education for democracy," and from "education for democracy" to "commitment." And commitment is defined in just one way around here.

This pattern is to be repeated throughout the Conference. The audience knows what it wants to hear, and gets it. Shouts and cheers—no concern for bourgeois etiquette here. Some speakers, like Gregorian, cave in immediately under the pressure; but this soon proves to be an error. As Machiavelli could have told him, such weakness is never rewarded, only further attacked.

What relevance does this have to the Chicano struggle? Why talk of reform when we all know that capitalism must be destroyed before true education can flourish? What—all question sessions eventually come down to this—have *you* done to further the cause? Speakers gulp—"Well, I..." liberal credentials come lamely forth.

Yet those who stick to their guns, and their topics, do not fare much better. Their "listeners" refuse to consider or address the major points raised in the lecture, but instead harp on their own particular—usually very particular—grievances. As manifestoes with question marks are hurled at them, the speakers blink, seeking to untangle the question, any question, from the morass, and generally agree quickly that yes, of course, we must be responsive to that concern.

In the afternoon we are organized into small discussion groups and instructed to confess our biases. The word bias makes these folks uncomfortable, so we speak of ultimate concerns. Prominent in my group is guilt over our role as oppressors, combined with eagerness to become involved in the great struggle of the oppressed. All look expectantly, therefore, to our only black. What are his concerns?

"Well," he says, "people of course." A slight pause. "And mathematics."

Mathematics?! It is the first, and one of the only times that I will hear anyone define his commitment to teaching in terms of commitment to a discipline. He is given little encouragement, and subsides into silence.

After an hour or so our leader decides to stir us up. This group, he observes, is slipping into individualist concerns. (We had been debating how best to encourage students to participate in and lead discussions.) Clearly, he informs us, we are more moderate than the militant Danforth Fellows of the recent past.

More moderate?! Us? Indignation follows, and the class struggle dutifully resumes.

At 4:00 I head for the Left Caucus meeting. More than a third of the one hundred Fellows are there. As we go around the circle proclaiming our political stances and activities, it appears that Marxism-Leninism—preferably in combination with a little practical experience in subversion—is *de rigeur* here.

And I? Well, a marginal centrist I am not. Let's just say that I represent those individuals due to be eliminated in the early stages of the revolution.

We are not amused. What am I doing here? Why am I taking notes? One young man expresses his fear that I will report him to the police.

Conservatives, I remark—my only comment for the meeting—have occasionally been known to support individual liberties.

I am told to hush, and I put away my notebook.

It becomes clear that a target has already been selected. What, after all, is the sexist, racist, elitist organization most readily available? Of course, the Danforth Foundation.

Where does its money come from? Are all the workers in all the companies of all the Foundation's stocks organized into non-exploitative unions? Why is there no specific support for gays? Why are there no Chicano resource persons?

Two were invited, someone admits, but neither bothered to show up.

Why did the Foundation take so little trouble in choosing its Chicano resource persons that neither bothered to show?

I am curious to see what will happen when someone asks the inevitable. If the Foundation is guilty as charged, must we return our scholarships? This is gingerly broached; but quickly shelved. As is a proposal to take the money away from the Fellows—that's us!—and use it to establish a Third World University.

Back to the attack. Is it not reactionary to support exploitative universities like Harvard, Yale, Stanford, and Chicago through our scholarships? Someone points out that in all fairness to the Foundation, the choice of graduate schools was left entirely to the Fellows. *We* picked Harvard. A dialectical twist solves the problem. "We are considering this," announces one young lady, "not individually but collectively." But of course.

These concerns are duly presented to the Fellowship directors, who promise to provide answers the next morning. In fact, answers prove to be in short supply; there is much ignorance, possibly convenient, about the nature of the Foundation's investments. Oh, but such repentance is offered in exchange. Various members of the Danforth advisory board, in a suitable variety of shapes and colors, field questions; all concerns are considered important, none hypocritical. The smile on Warren Martin's face deepens and becomes increasingly sincere as he absorbs abuse. Says the Chicano student next to me: "I'm sick of this man masturbating on stage."

We are later provided some relief in the form of aesthetics. Our speaker is to talk of "The University and the City from an Aesthetic Standpoint," and, refreshingly, so he does. He even refers to a historical tradition predating 1945. Not surprisingly, he promptly gets into trouble.

Why, one woman asks, is he speaking of medieval *man*'s relationship to the university? What about medieval *women* artists?

Well, yes, there were some good ones, though not as many as one might wish. He goes on to discuss two or three quite competently. But the term was used generically, and he "refuses to feel guilty about this."

Shouts a white male student from the back: "I don't understand why you don't feel guilty!"

"Well," the speaker replies, now clearly in over his head, "I just don't."

Whispers my Chicano neighbor, "Thank God." →

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Things look up a little on the last full day of the Conference. Individuals, usually more interesting, and more moderate, outside their respective caucuses than within, have had some chance to talk between "Education for What," "Education for the Future," and "Constraints and Prospects for the Future of Education." There is still surprisingly little scholarly discourse—virtually none—but there also appears to be some embarrassment about the overblown rhetoric that has flown so freely. Several members of the Left Caucus apologize to me about the note-taking incident; some seek to disassociate themselves from the hard-core revolutionaries. This is never done during group meetings, though, or during the question periods after lectures. There the silliness reigns undisturbed.

Certainly there are plenty of Danforth Fellows who do not consider themselves revolutionaries. One admits freely that the only politics she considers seriously are those of the Middle Ages. But the apolitical Fellows keep their concerns to themselves. Many lose their confidence in the face of all this political activism, and wonder if maybe their particular moral and ethical concerns are rather paltry in comparison to, say, those of a Marxist-Leninist feminist. Others announce that politics are below them; they will think of other things. Either way, the stage is left clear for the extremists, and very few dissenting voices are heard.

The speakers do improve somewhat toward the end of the Conference. For example, Frank Newman, president of the University of Rhode Island, tries valiantly to make the Fellows face reality. We are no longer, he informs us, if we ever were, members of the oppressed masses. Instead we are, by virtue of our acceptance of a Danforth Fellowship and our decision to enter the academic profession, members of the Establishment.

He is not, despite his record as a progressive educator, well received. Particularly offensive is his irreverence; he even has the gall to speak humorously of the upheavals of the sixties. A woman rises, shaking with fury, and informs him that she does not consider this funny.

He replies, "I'll be damned if I can't joke about it."

He is, vociferously.

Here with me on the last evening of the Conference is Antonio, a real live Arab/Chicano Marxist revolutionary. He tells me tales of the imminent revolution, and of the world to be. It will, he assures me, be humanistic and nonhierarchical. Religion? It will be allowed, even protected. Freedom of thought? Why, I can read Hayek in the public library any time. He'll tell them to keep a special copy for me. He shines with energy and commitment; to him the vision appears real. This leaves me peculiarly saddened. Come the revolution, he will be the first to go.

It is reassuring, in the end, to see the caucuses splinter into individuals at O'Hare. There has been much talent here, but it has not appeared openly; instead one had to excavate for it in private conversations and unguarded moments. The accepted creed of the Conference has been that individuals are insignificant in comparison with the collective. The message has been that individuals are beleaguered, but infinitely precious entities. Who, among this group of alleged future teachers, will choose to nurture them? □

Arnold Beichman

An Open Letter to Zbigniew Brzezinski

Dear Dr. Brzezinski:

In the *New York Times* of 19 October 1977, I read a summary of a speech you made before a group of Washington journalists. You were dealing with Soviet-American relations which, you said, "will continue to be for a long time both cooperative and competitive." You then went on and I quote from the *Times*:

> The competitive elements are there not because of evil men or because of evil designs but because of deeply rooted historical forces, philosophical pressures, geopolitical considerations, divergent political systems and different values.

I found this passage of your speech quite disturbing because it seemed to me that you felt driven to exonerate the most powerful dictatorship in the world by portraying it as—what?—a victim of such abstractions as "deeply rooted historical forces" or "philosophical pressures." There was a disturbing determinism in your words, as if the Soviet leaders are in the grip of forces over which they have no control and are exploited by some design which demands of them its fulfillment no matter at what price. Your statement implies that the "competitive elements" between the U.S. and the USSR would exist even if the Politburo consisted solely of virtuous men. But can this really be the issue? There are "competitive elements" among the U.S., France, Britain, Japan, and Canada but you would not feel impelled to say about that rivalry what you have said about the USSR. Why do you feel it necessary to exonerate Brezhnev and his Politburo from a burden of evil? Could you exonerate Josef Stalin in the same fashion? Or Hitler? Or attribute to "deeply rooted historical forces," the Katyn Forest genocide? Or blame the post-Stalin seizure of Czechoslovakia, the slaughter in Hungary, the suppression of the East German workers' revolution in 1953 on "philosophical pressures" rather than on evil men and evil designs? Let me paraphrase what you said in a way that Ambassador Andrew Young might understand:

> The competitive elements are there in South Africa between the whites and non-whites not because of evil men or because of evil designs but because of deeply rooted historical forces, philosophical pressures, geopolitical considerations, divergent political systems and different values.

President Carter's campaign on human rights becomes meaningless if you believe that evil is to be excluded as a factor in judging international relationships, for as Coral Bell has written, "both means and ends in foreign policy are eligible for moral scrutiny and moral judgment." When you exculpate the Soviet Union, you exculpate a country where, as you know, at least 500 prisons, prison camps, and "psychiatric" jails hold political dissidents, totalling as many as 1.5 million prisoners. (I refer you to the

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Economist, 2 April 1977, pp. 64-65, which published an admittedly incomplete list of these Gulag institutions.) Is there no relationship between the Gulag on the one hand and the particular *quality* of "the competitive elements" between the U.S. and the USSR?

I can understand that in matters of foreign policy, morality can sometimes be a matter of priorities. For example, however much Israel might have been anti-colonial, could it have helped Mozambique or Angola in their struggle against Portuguese colonialism in 1973, when Portugal was the only NATO country which permitted refueling of U.S. supply planes en route to Israel during the Yom Kippur war? Agonizing reappraisals about our relations with Iran, Korea, Brazil, and Argentina are now being made. (And I hope you will not pay much attention to Senator Frank Church's demand that we should end a "petulant and self-defeating policy" towards Cuba, which I hope is not merely in the grip of "philosophical pressures.") But I have not heard any statement that their violations of human rights can be excused because of "deeply rooted historical forces."

The most distressful implication of your speech is that you equate the U.S. and the USSR. There are no evil men and evil designs in the Kremlin and there are no evil men and evil designs in Washington, D.C. All the unpleasantness just happened. It's just a matter of "divergent political systems and different values." For a moment I thought you might be reviving that old nostrum about the "convergence" of the two political systems, something which you and your colleague, Professor Samuel Huntington, effectively disposed of 15 years ago in your joint book *Political Power: USA/USSR*.

Let me end this letter with a passage from Tocqueville's *Democracy in America*, part of which you quoted in your co-authored book:

> There are, at the present time, two great nations in the world, which seem to tend toward the same end, although they started from different points; I allude to the Russians and the Americans....The American struggles against the natural obstacles which oppose him; the adversaries of the Russian are men: the former combats the wilderness and savage life; the latter, civilization with all its weapons and its arts; the conquests of the one are therefore gained by the ploughshare; those of the other, by the sword. The Anglo-American relies upon personal interest to accomplish his ends, and gives free scope to the unguided exertions and common sense of the citizens; the Russian centres all the authority of society in a single arm: the principal instrument of the former is freedom; of the latter, servitude. Their starting-point is different, and their courses are not the same; yet each of them seems to be marked out by the will of Heaven to sway the destinies of half the globe.

So Tocqueville wrote in 1835. Freedom...Servitude...Have the two countries so changed in 143 years that they are indistinguishable from each other in terms of their rulers, their codes of domestic and international conduct and behavior? Is all the world's evil in Pretoria?

The Zbigniew Brzezinski I knew at Columbia University in the 1960s knew all about evil men and evil designs. □

Tom Bethell

Capitol Ideas

Ex-CIA agent Philip Agee wrote a book fingering CIA agents abroad. He was ordered out of Britain for maintaining contacts with foreign intelligence agents. Then he was ordered out of France. The Justice Department responded by saying that if the traitor returned to the United States, he would not be prosecuted under the Espionage Act.

Former CIA director Richard Helms refused to renege on his oath of office by revealing the extent of CIA "involvement" in Chile. He was fined $2,000 and told by U.S. District Court Judge Barrington Parker, "You stand before this court in disgrace and shame." Helms was then further lectured on the *New York Times* Op-Ed page by Dick Clark, the trendy senator from Iowa.

What has gone wrong with this country? How can it be so filled with termites and death-watch beetles, gnawing away at the national heart of oak, while at the same time masquerading as moralists? If only—they sigh so hypocritically—if only Helms had refused to answer the questions put to him by the Senate Foreign Relations Committee. Or, if only he had testified in secret session (as though there weren't a hundred other termites lurking in the bureaucratic woodwork, ready to leak such testimony to the press).

If only—one feels—they had said what they really *meant*: We were denied another tasty meal, another chance to drag the flag through the mud.

Because of the stigma of "McCarthyism," there is a widespread reluctance to state the obvious about America today: There is an ugly stain of anti-Americanism spreading across the landscape. *Un*-American is entirely too weak a way of putting it.

So it is time to tell those ghastly Senators, such as Frank Church and Dick Clark, who have had so much fun in front of TV cameras at the expense of their country: Get yourselves a one-way ticket to Cuba. Judge Parker, get off the bench. As for their fellow-travelers among the columnists, send them a can of Raid.

There seems to be an unnoticed paradox associated with the Allan Bakke case, recently argued before the Supreme Court. Liberals, arguing against Bakke, say something like this: Why shouldn't race be used as a criterion of admission to universities? Schools already may take into account such matters as whether applicants are the sons or daughters of alumni, whether they are good athletes, whether their parents have given money to the school, and so on. In the same way, Archibald Cox argued for the University of California, a university ought to be "free...to take into account the fact that a qualified applicant is black, Chicano, Asian or native American in order to increase the number of qualified members of those minority groups."

I think that this is a proposition with which conservatives could agree, because the argument is phrased in what might be called the "permissive mood." That is, universities *may* use race as a criterion. It is not the permissive "may" but the coercive "must" that conservatives fear. *This* university, let us say, chooses to enroll jocks (thus building a winning team, keeping the money flowing in from the alumni); *that* university enrolls blacks, Chicanos, etc. (construing its purpose by reference to a currently fashionable theory of social justice); and for all I know there may even be a university somewhere that enrolls brains (thus putting higher learning before anything else).

Can any libertarian disagree with such a system? Having said as much, however, one immediately realizes that it is not *may* but *must* that the anti-Bakke forces have in mind. This is surely the

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case, because affirmative-action programs emanating from another tentacle of government are coercive, not permissive. Specifically, they derive from an executive order *requiring* that a given percentage of work on federal construction projects be awarded to minority businesses. Executive branch enforcement of this order is already running afoul of lawsuits, which soon enough are likely to reach the Supreme Court. Only then, in my far from expert legal view, will coercive government and libertarian principle meet head-on.

Taking the larger view, there is no doubt, of course, that the anti-Bakke forces are setting out in an unbelievably foolish direction. It seems extraordinary that, with the passage of the Civil Rights Act so recent, those who call themselves "liberals" would want to reintroduce the principle of divisiveness into American life. George Will and Meg Greenfield of the *Washington Post* have been sensible enough to see this, but not many others have noticed the danger.

Not to put too fine a point on it, the step from *racial* to *racist* is perilously small. Believing it to be to their advantage, blacks want to play the racial game again. The danger, they will find, is that it is a game at which two can play, however belatedly. Already there is a heightening of racial rhetoric in this country. The thorny question of racial self-identification is already with us. As Eliot Marshall has pointed out in the *New Republic*, there are now ethnic review boards operating within the Los Angeles school system.

To take a hypothetical example, a man who was declared "black" under Louisiana's segregation code (by virtue of having one black great-great-grandparent) may not now appreciate being called "white" by the federal government because he only had one black grandparent. Therefore he calls himself "black." Such a person, in fact, has a very good claim to being called "black" (even though he may look "white," as many of Louisiana's technical "blacks" do), because he is precisely the one who was discriminated against in the past!

So race review boards loom as a distinct possibility on the horizon, and with them all kinds of nastiness. Do blacks really want this? George Will suggested that such boards may have to be presided over by a new Herman Goering. He needn't have gone so far back into the past. One country with such procedures right now is South Africa. In that country they apply the "pencil test" to determine whether a man is "colored" or "white." A pencil is stuck into his hair, he shakes his head, and if the pencil doesn't fall out—too bad for him. Is that how we are going to award construction contracts in the future? Does that prospect appeal to our blossoming crop of racialists? Perhaps it might be better to stick with the Civil Rights Act after all.

If this is circumvented by the Supreme Court, and racialism is reembedded in the Constitution, as it was in the case of *Plessy v. Ferguson* (1896), then I suppose the reluctant legislatures will finally get into the act, as they perhaps should have already. In legislatures, the majority prevails.

With the exception of the Bakke case, the most important "issue" to be debated in Washington in recent weeks has been the deregulation of natural gas. I know it sounds like a dreary thing to bring up. But as Professor Edward Mitchell has pointed out, opinion on this subject is a more reliable litmus test of ideological direction in the Congress than any other single issue.

The recent Senate debate on the deregulation of natural gas revealed that a good many senators do not understand the meaning of the word "price." For instance, Senator Jackson, who said:

> Many people believe, as an article of faith, if you deregulate the wellhead price of natural gas, thus allowing substantial price increases, plenty of gas will be available. I simply do not believe that point of view. All sorts of studies have been made by both economists and geologists of what price will be necessary in the future to produce various amounts of natural gas. Simply put, neither the geologists nor the economists agree on what that magic price must be. For every study that shows prices must be deregulated, I can point to another study that shows that prices are already high enough.

The trouble with this analysis is that it is also applicable to *any* commodity that has been legislated out of the market system. The "magic" price that Jackson seeks does not exist for any commodity outside the market, because "price" means an agreement between buyer and seller, and when the seller is told he is not allowed to participate in that agreement (as when price controls are in place) then there is no price. There is merely adjudicated value. (Economists should come up with a technical term for this, and probably have.) That this is not the same thing as price is shown when a divorcing couple must sell their house in order to divide its value equally. Only the actual *sale price* determines market value.

But many legislators (and others) today seem to believe that in the field of energy value can be adjudicated by notions of fairness and other moral considerations, rather than by the marketplace. This has led to an "energy crisis" for the following very simple reason. The owners of oil and natural gas wells in the U.S. know very well that they could sell their oil and natural gas for much more than the government says they may, because they only have to read the newspapers to see what price Arabs and other fortunate foreigners are getting for the same commodity.

So what do they do? Simple. They keep the stuff in the ground. This is perfectly legal, to date. They may not bargain at the marketplace with buyers, but they may, in our "mixed" economy, decline to go to market. Anyone who doubts that this *is* happening in the oil states today is invited to telephone Governor Edwin Edwards at the Governor's Mansion in Baton Rouge, La. He will be happy to confirm that the holders of mineral rights in Louisiana are, in many instances, wisely staying away from the marketplace in which they have no bargaining power. "The stuff has been in the ground for millions of years," Edwards told me once. "It will stay there a few years longer." This has resulted in an artificial, government-induced shortage.

In response to this, socialists will say that the "logical" response is to nationalize the mineral wealth. That is why they love price controls—because they know they lead so beautifully to nationalization. And they are right, in a way, too, or would be, if it were not even more logical not to have imposed controls in the first place.

What will happen? At this writing the House-Senate resolution of the energy bill has not taken place. But it is a good bet—with the Senate having voted, to its credit, to deregulate natural gas, and the House having voted to impose a ceiling "price" of $1.75 per thousand cubic feet (mcf)—that they will agree on a compromise ceiling price for new gas of about $2.00 per mcf, and that price controls will be extended to the intrastate market (i.e., price controls will be imposed nationwide). Then what? Let me make a prediction. At this price, and with the prospect of deregulation gone, gas-owners will decide that the time has come to sell; the price by then would have increased nearly tenfold in less than five years, and owners will conclude that the disparity between the government-set price and the world market price is not worth bothering about.

As Senator Schmitt of New Mexico pointed out in the debate, the intrastate (free market) price of natural gas has in some instances

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already sunk below President Carter's "fair" price of $1.75 in response to market competition.

"It has been argued," Schmitt said, "that there is no elasticity of supply, that is, that the supply of natural gas will not increase with an increase...in the price of new natural gas....In 1976 [in Texas] we could see the beginnings of a drop in price as the new supply produced by these wells became available, and the price in 1976 was about $1.75. More recently, in 1977, we have seen new contracts for new natural gas in Texas, in intrastate market, begin to go for about $1.60."

However, if prices are legislated at about $2.00 (as Sen. Jackson has recommended) they will not sink lower than that, no matter how much new gas is brought out of the ground. This is because when sellers are not allowed to bargain at the marketplace, they do not bother to compete with one another. In that way, then, what are now price ceilings will wind up as price floors. Government regulation has a way of ending up like that. If that happens, then our dear old legion of well-intentioned, moonstruck liberals will take to the hustings once again and argue, this time, for deregulation of natural gas on behalf of consumers, just as they have recently done with regard to airline prices. Only then will they realize that Senator Russell Long, custodian of the "special interests," has been on their side all along.

The moral, I must say, is a stark one. The market system works so well, when it is allowed to work, because it is the "clutch" that engages self-interest (the little motor inside all of us). Disconnect all those little motors, and replace them with the Fairness Office, Dept. of Good Intentions, Washington, D.C., and you get a ramshackle contraption that never gets out of the garage. Never mind. Liberal-minded "planners" love that garage, because they know there is a set of overalls waiting for them there, and endless opportunity to tinker. Selfishness, by contrast, is rather a low-life way of solving the problem; in rather poor taste, let us say. Furthermore, it puts the planners out of work. □

Whit Stillman

Under the Condor—A Story

From among the undergraduates of today will come the graduate students of tomorrow.

Japanese students blow their brains out when they do not get into the college of their choice; Americans some time after they do.

In a sense, being depressed means being unhappy. But depression carries with it the implication that something big is about to happen. For Jane Repton of Quincy House, Harvard, depression, and the sense of promise it brings, came early in the fall of sophomore year. It was then that she realized—deep inside somewhere—that having gotten into a highly selective college in no way distinguished her from any of her classmates. This realization led to a depression which, returning to the field of her secondary school success, she sought to express in poetry.

Writing usually requires solitude, and that can mean hours of being alone. But Jane came away from her afternoons of work alone with a sense of achievement and of the passage of time. Her classmates' dinnertime discussions of their own accomplishments —which could have been shattering—were instead enjoyable. These conversations were actually given a heightened value, since she might later turn them into verse, or perhaps their value would be indirect, with the spoken idiom influencing her writing generally.

Following dinner Jane studied in Lamont Library, jotting down in her notebook any ideas or phrases which occurred to her for possible use in future poems. She habitually sat among the open poetry stacks so that she might periodically take a break to look through the shelves. Ben Pasquali studied in the poetry stacks too, so from proximity they became friends, chatting occasionally. One evening during the first weeks of school they took a break from their work to have café cappuccinos at the Café Pamplona.

Poetry, Jane thought, though she did not mean this in an unkind way, was probably Ben's way of compensating for his short stature and awkward manner. But when Ben spoke all appearance of awkwardness disappeared. "Poets write not in simple pursuit of artistic objectives," he told her over coffee, "but in an attempt to escape unease. A happy poem, for instance, is not just the product of an author's high spirits but of the uneasiness he feels in his happiness—that it won't last, that he can't properly share it, or maybe that he feels it is undeserved. Otherwise he would be perfectly content with the happiness itself, and not need to write a poem about it.

"Until I went to Exeter for ninth grade—or Lower Middle, as we called it there—I hardly wrote any poetry at all. As you might know, the students at Exeter are advanced academically but extremely competitive, and sort of young—there was a lot of hazing. This is something I encountered personally, I'm afraid. Every evening after study hall a group of students would pick me up and drop me in the dormitory laundry hamper. I don't know what their reasoning was, or even if they had any reasons, but the whole experience made me feel kind of uneasy. That's when I started writing poetry."

Here Ben stopped and took a sip of his coffee. His gestures seemed awkward.

"Since leaving Exeter have you continued writing?" Jane asked. "Some poets stop writing completely when they get older."

"During Freshman Week—two years ago—I was sure my ability to write poetry had entirely dried up. I couldn't think of anything, and remembered stories of successful young poets whose talent vanished as they got older. But then I thought to myself, 'Heck, just because I have no ideas shouldn't mean that I can't still write.' So I started writing without having anything to say and discovered the fascination of simply putting words down on paper, one after another, even if they didn't mean anything at all.

"My discovery led me to an interest in literature. I was familiar with poetry from before, but I had little awareness of the non-poetic kinds of writing. A '5' in the English advanced placement test allowed me to enter an upper level expository writing course in which I could work on perfecting my literary technique. Finally, after a semester of the course, my writing talent had been honed into something hard and jewel-like. But on rereading my compositions I realized that they still didn't make a bit of sense. My whole theory of aesthetics, which revolved around the idea of beauty, was deeply flawed and probably worthless. →

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"It was Freshman Week all over again. For a year I had worshipped at the altar of technique—perfection was always the highest goal. But what's the value of a dazzling sentence if it doesn't mean a thing? That was the question I kept coming back to. Dazzling brilliance alone is not interesting. 'Interesting'—that, I realized, was the key word. Unwittingly, I had discovered what I was looking for: that what's important in writing is that it have some interest—beauty is merely aesthetic.

"The concept of 'interestingness' obsessed me. It made a mockery of everything I had learned at Harvard so far. I decided to dedicate the whole of my sophomore year to the idea's furtherance. In accord with this resolution I approached the editors of the *Crimson*, the *Advocate*, the *Lampoon*, and the *Independent* and offered them the use of the concept, but none of them were interested. The only answer, I decided, was for me to start a magazine of my own, so the whole concept could be given a fair trial. In practice what this will require is an entirely new attitude on the part of writers, and for many of them it will be a highly challenging shift to make."

Later that night Jane lay in her upper bunk unable to sleep. Caffeine coursed through her veins, but it was primarily the cascade of thoughts Ben's conversation had stimulated which guaranteed that she would not be sleeping soon. After lying in the dark thinking for an hour, Jane put on her dressing gown and went out into the livingroom. A flick of the wall switch transformed the dark room into a sanctuary of light and sanity. That's what she loved about the nighttime: the way it allowed one to control one's own environment, particularly as to whether it be light or dark. She turned on the radio part of the stereo; the song playing was one of her favorites from three summers before. The old melody stirred her emotions even further, but it also made her think.

Her poetry could never pass Ben's criterion of "interestingness." No one would consider her poems interesting—nor had she ever intended them to be read that way. Some people valued verbal brilliance, others, like Ben, thought interest was the essential thing, but Jane herself was committed to poetry of a highly personal, deeply emotional kind. It was true that Anne Sexton and Sylvia Plath, the genre's two most celebrated practitioners, had both committed suicide—and maybe that was the consummate statement—but their style of writing was the only way Jane knew how to turn that terrible blackness inside herself into something bearable, or maybe even beautiful. Granted, she had never contemplated a gesture like theirs. And perhaps she would never be a poet of the first rank, no matter how hard she tried. But she could still strive to be, even with a handicap. She thought of it as a terrible kind of rowing, not knowing whether one would ever reach the opposite shore, but pulling the oars anyway, as hard as one could—all this possibly taking place somewhere near the Vineyard.

This was the direction of Jane's thoughts when her roommate, Lisa Devigny, returned from Eliot House where she had been studying with the senior she went out with. Lisa's ancestors, the original De Vignys, were Huguenot refugees who had come to this country from France in the early eighteenth century, and from them she seemed to have inherited her unusual seriousness towards life.

"I never thought being in love would be like this," Lisa said. "In my mind love was always closely associated with spring—that euphoria one feels when warm weather suddenly ends a long winter. What I feel for Rafe is calmer and deeper than that. I guess what we have is an early October kind of love. Does that make any kind of sense to you?"

"Yes, it does. Tonight at Lamont I talked to a junior from Lowell House who plans to start a Harvard magazine for the arts. We went out to the Café Pamplona for a coffee break together to discuss it."

"It's funny, but I haven't been to the Café Pamplona since Rafe and I have been going out. Actually I've been drinking hardly any coffee at all. We study sitting opposite each other at a table in the Eliot House library. Every so often I look up from my work and watch Rafe reading, and that's enough for me. I have no desire to get up and go out for a coffee break anymore—what Rafe gives me seems to fill that need, although, when the weather was warmer, we went out for ice cream several times together. But that was different."

After Lisa and Jane had prepared for the night and were each in their bunk beds, they talked some more. Finally they drifted off to sleep. During the night the emotional conflicts left unresolved in their waking lives took the form of dreams. Dreams can rarely solve basic conflicts, but they can dissipate the subconscious anxieties which build up during the day. In Jane's case there was a lot for them to do. She was a young person with some serious problems.

One of her problems was with pastries. By 3 o'clock on Monday afternoon she had already eaten three of the sticky things. The pastries gave her a warm, glowing feeling, but when this effect wore off she was left feeling even colder, less glowing than before. Worst of all, though, eating unhealthy foods made her feel dirty inside.

The depression Jane had suffered from during the first days of the term had returned, but in a much darker form. Then she had merely been despondent at being denied things like fame and recognition—now she saw them as utterly meaningless, along with everything else. Absently gazing at the wall, she noticed the optimistic verse she had copied from a book and pinned above her desk a week ago. It seemed cruelly ironic now.

Jane heard a rustling sound and turned to see a monstrous black bird perched on the back of the heavy armchair. Huge wings were folded to the creature's side and a grotesque caruncle fell over its bill. Feelings of terror, nausea, and claustrophobia overwhelmed her. Had she gone mad? She reached up with her hands and pressed them to the side of her head and then over her eyes. She had a tremendous feeling of uneasiness.

A spattering of rain struck the room's window with a sound like drops hitting a drumhead of glass. Jane lowered her hands and, seeing the bird still before her, immediately knew that she would have to get away. That meant taking a first step and then another and another, over and over again. She would go, she decided, to Widener Library and bury herself deep within its stacks—they seemed to her now as a sort of bulwark of scholarship and sanity.

Picking up her notebook and raingear, Jane began to move quietly toward the door. Abruptly the bird extended its enormous wings. Across the whole width of the room they stretched, blocking her path. Several moments passed—Jane stood perfectly still. Then, just as abruptly, the bird folded its wings, and she was able to edge past it and out the door.

"This never happened," Jane told herself as she descended the entry stair. But there was a certain amount of self-deception in that.

Outside the rain was pouring. On Plympton Street her notebook slipped out from under her raincoat and, in the moment it took to retrieve it, she was drenched. A deep puddle swamped her topsiders like canoes. The rain's coldness pierced deep inside her to where the depression was. For a second she wished she were someplace perpetually dry, like Arizona. But then she thought better of that—maybe her impulse to write was tied up in the harsh northern climate.

Entering Widener from the back, still dripping wet, Jane passed up several flights of stairs and across to the narrow entrance of the library's inner part. While on its outside Widener is a classical structure of brick and marble, inside it is a jungle gym of shadowy book-lined corridors encased in glass and steel. Here in the safety of the poetry stacks Jane was able to immerse herself in overdue course work and put what had happened behind. Previously she had tended to see the scholarly life in sardonic terms—reading is not very imaginative—but now she found a sense of peace in it.

She remembered what Jim had said in Edgartown in July about the Widener stacks—that although physically about the gloomiest place in the university, it was to him the most beautiful. Jim's idealism was one of the qualities which had first attracted Jane to him. In the midst of a downpour after the Regatta ball he had

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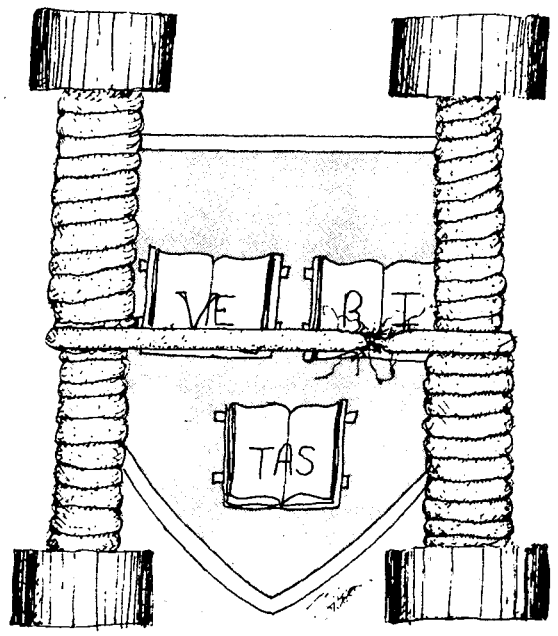
stopped her just to hold her in his arms. "I think you're wonderful," he had said, and she had replied: "I feel the same way about you." To exchange these words had meant an extra drenching, but with Jim's arms around her she had not felt wet; she had felt like a woman.

After the weekend ended the two of them had kept in touch by letter and telephone—she on the Vineyard, he in Boston and Wiano—but with the end of summer all contact had been lost. They were like ships who had passed in the night, her mother had said. Her mother was right, of course, but the memory still made Jane feel sad. That, at least, was something she could hold on to.

At her desk in Widener Jane pushed aside the book in front of her, turned to a fresh page in her notebook, and, without stopping, set down seven lines of a poem on rain, particularly the idea that while in October the rain was like a palpable embodiment of her despair, in July it had seemed to symbolize what being a woman was all about. They were among the best lines she had ever written.

For the next hour Jane studied, until a drop of water fell to the edge of her desk. She looked up and saw Ben Pasquali standing next to her, his hair disheveled and clothes soaked. "Ben!" she said with obvious concern in her voice. Coming to Widener was completely uncharacteristic for Ben. He always studied in Lamont. She asked him what had happened.



"Today Lamont didn't seem enough," he said. "I guess I felt a kind of hunger for experience. Yesterday one of the main hurdles standing in the way of my magazine was cleared—coming up with a name for it. According to my thinking the name had to be interesting as well as appropriate, and that turned out to be a tough bill to fill. But finally I've settled on the right combination, I think: 'Cotton Mather's Magazine for the Arts at Harvard' with the 'Cotton Mather's' in large capitals and the rest in smaller print underneath.

"My reason for picking this name is to some extent personal. As you might have guessed, I'm Italian-American—Pasquali is an Italian name. My grandparents came over to this country from the little town of Pasquali in the hills of northern Italy. They settled in the Bronx and still live there. My father moved us up to Rye and sent us all to private schools. I went to Exeter and am now at Harvard, but inside I'm still Ben Pasquali, an Italian kid from the Bronx.

"As a Southern European Roman Catholic it's hard to feel that one really belongs or is accepted at Harvard—it's a distinctly Anglo-Saxon Protestant sort of place. By calling the magazine 'Cotton Mather's' I hope to gain for it the acceptance of the descendants of the Puritans, who still really run things at Harvard. They'll see at least that, although I'm nominally a Catholic myself, I know and value their Protestant tradition."

"I had never realized," Jane said, "how dominant Puritan culture still was at Harvard. It must be difficult to be an Italian Catholic in Lowell House."

"Please don't misunderstand what I've been saying. I don't mean to give the impression that I'm complaining—I don't find that very interesting. But it's important to take cultural factors into consideration when one is trying to come up with an interesting name for a college arts magazine."

On the way back to her room after Widener's closing that evening, one of those odd things happened which made Jane wonder about life. She had not told Ben about the bird, but had invited him to stop off at her room for a moment, so that she could check to make sure that it wasn't there anymore. Just as they got to the room, the phone rang, and in her rush to answer it, Jane accepted his invitation to go to the Cornell game that Saturday without really thinking. After saying good-bye to Ben, she answered the phone. It turned out to be her mother calling long distance from New York to tell her to be sure to come down to Edgartown for that same weekend. Coincidences like this can seem pretty amazing, but they can be sad, too.

"Your father is taking the weekend off," Mrs. Repton told her. "Nini and Frey will be coming Friday, too. Finally we'll all be together, like a family again." This was Mrs. Repton's pathetic hope—that one day they would all be together like a family again.

Back in Mobile, when she was growing up, Betty Rue Repton's family had kept together, and that was not always easy during the Depression, especially since the once considerable Rue fortune now consisted largely of a few hundred thousand dollars in worthless Confederate government bonds and an allegiance to the courtly ways of a bygone era. But life under the southern city's lush trees and shady porches was filled with warmth and graciousness, even when there was little food for the table.

One afternoon in 1941 Betty Rue had taken a young naval lieutenant from the North to a cemetery where the Confederate dead were buried. She wanted Bart Repton to know about the South. Together they stood before a modest tombstone engraved, "Thomas Lee Hill, 1850-1864."

"He must have been just a boy when he died," she said. "How do you imagine him looking? I see him with gray eyes, pale skin, and either light or dark hair. He must have had a family, and they would have been sad when he died, but at least it was not in vain. He gave his life for chivalry, honor, graciousness, beauty, warm weather—for all that the South has always stood for." Although she had never written verse, Betty Rue's view of life was intensely poetic. After generations of aristocratic inbreeding the Rue family history was strewn with cases of insanity and poetic genius. The poet Sidney Lanier was a distant relative.

After the war and her marriage to Bart Repton she settled in New York City, but even after thirty years she could never adjust to life in the brusquely impersonal northern city. The New Yorkers had no regard for what was soft and beautiful in life. Her husband's family, the Reptons, seemed cold and hard too, and even Bart—with his senior partnership at Solitary, Poor—had little time or inclination for family life. So it had fallen to Mrs. Repton to keep the family together; but while she was struggling to preserve the family bonds, Jane was struggling to be free of them. That is how people hurt one another.

After Jane fell asleep that night the hours seemed to race until it was suddenly 8 o'clock Tuesday morning. Of all days Tuesday is the most nondescript, and perhaps that's why it was her favorite; as a poet she found it the most challenging to characterize.

Shortly before 9 o'clock she headed up Plympton Street on the way to the section meeting for her drama course. There was a chill in the air which she had not dressed for that morning. Although only southern on her mother's side, "southernness" was in her bones. Cold weather made her wither up inside like a gardenia.

Jane liked her drama course for the material it covered—the greatest plays from 500 B.C. to 1950 A.D. This was, she felt, the theatre's golden age. Sophocles, Racine, Shakespeare, Eugene O'Neill—all of them came out of it. Jane thought that the remarkable quantity of important plays in the period before 1950 was explainable by historical factors. Before the affluent society, which began roughly around 1950, the problems people faced were still largely physical—things like hunger and disease. Technological progress, in relieving people of these external worries, left them vulnerable to inner ones like ennui, despair, and self-doubt—all the more terrifying because of their intangibility. The dramatic form was perfectly suited to the epoch of external fears, but, Jane

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felt, sadly obsolete in a time when the fears come from inside. She knew that people born before 1950 would have a hard time understanding that.

In the drama section meeting, two other women students—Helen and Sarah—usually contributed more to the discussion than Jane. They had analytical temperaments which happened to be perfectly suited to classroom discussion, while her own mind was associative, moving quickly from the common reference point to develop new lines of thought.

Mr. Black, the section leader, opened discussion of the play under study. "*Medea* is the brilliant drama of a woman who first loves and then hates too passionately—ultimately killing her own children to punish Jason for deserting her. In translation, however, some of the play's nuance and subtle beauty is lost: for example, the sibilant quality of Medea's angry speeches to Jason, *esosa se esosa hos isasi hosoi*—one long hiss. This effect has not even been attempted in the English version."

As Mr. Black continued the discussion, Jane looked around at the grubby basement room in which her class met. She had originally been fascinated with the play, until she reached the scene in which Medea actually goes through with her threats to kill the children. That seemed simply unbelievable to her. She couldn't imagine it ever happening in real life. In Edgartown, for instance, how would it be? Mrs. Smith drives out to the airport on a Friday evening in August to pick up Mr. Smith, who's arriving on a plane from New York. "Where are the kids?" he asks her. What does she answer? "They're in the lawnmower"—this just doesn't ring true.

Certainly, Jane knew, the long summer separations in Edgartown were often rough on marriages. Sometimes extramarital affairs occurred—at other times they just happened—and either way the results were bad. But basically the people in Edgartown were good. Sailing, lying in the sun, croquet, tennis dresses, wine spritzers, "tanning butter"—there was nothing very sinful in it all, whatever the appearances. But playwrights are not content with that; for them it's not enough to show simply how beautiful life is. Instead they always want to make it seem ugly, and apparently that's the way it's always been, even going back to ancient times.

"One factor," Helen was saying in class, "which seems to link *Medea* to all the other Greek tragedies is that it's so depressing."

"Do you think that was intentional on Euripides' part?" Mr. Black asked.

"Maybe. He was either planning the ending all along as a kind of lesson, or else had just filled up enough tablets and wanted to end it, so had Medea kill the children and go off in the chariot."

"Your theory is interesting, but, as a matter of background, the story of Jason and Medea did not originate with Euripides. It was a Greek legend he chose for dramatization fully aware of its depressing conclusion. His purpose, like that of the other ancient tragedians, was to arouse pity and fear in his audience, thus provoking an emotional catharsis."

"But technically," Sarah said, "the play is a comedy since Medea, its 'heroine,' escapes danger in her chariot, even though the whole thing is pretty grim."

"Depressing subject matter is still popular in the theatre today, even in comedies, isn't it?" Helen asked.

"Yes," Mr. Black said, "it's been around for over three thousand years, but still hasn't lost its impact. Why do you think that is?"

"Because," Jane answered, "the depressing story expresses something deep inside all of us."

After her morning classes were over, Jane went with Lisa to lunch in the Quincy House dining hall. "Since Rafe and I have been going out I've had much less of an appetite for rich food. Before it was always biscuits with jam, heavy sauces, and pastries with coffee. Now I have no real desire for rich foods—Rafe's love for me has seemed to fill that need, and we've never, you know, done anything."

"I've always been afraid," Jane said, "that a serious relationship might get in the way of my creative work or somehow cripple my productivity. But, on the other hand, I don't want to blow up like a blimp."

Although it had not yet developed into a weight problem, Jane's sporadic sense of well-being rested on a precarious foundation of calories. She used rich pastries to give herself an artificial "high," but each time the amount had to be greater just to reach the former level of well-being. This was a cycle which could not continue indefinitely—for one thing, she did not have that kind of money.

What Jane did Tuesday afternoon in the six minutes following lunch was so insignificant and ordinary that it might in itself seem scarcely important enough to record. But Jane had a feeling that the unexamined life was not really worth living.

After leaving the house dining hall she descended the staircase, placing one foot in front of but below the other, and then repeating this maneuver, alternating feet. She traversed the lobby and pulled the outside door towards herself, exiting through the opening created. She walked across the courtyard on foot and opened the door to her entryway in a fashion similar to that already described. Ascending the entry stairs, she put each foot both above and in front of the other, repeating this, while alternating feet, *ad nauseam*. Three of the minutes following lunch were over. The next three passed equally fast, mostly in personal chores, so that at the end of the six-minute period, Jane was standing in front of the bedroom mirror passing a hairbrush back across the top of her head and beginning to notice the expanse of blackish plumage looming on the edge of the mirror before her.

Jane turned to see the huge bird, or condor, or whatever it was, perched ominously on the back of the livingroom couch. The repulsive stench of dead and decaying flesh emanating from the bird made her gag. Fighting down the mixed feeling of nausea and panic rising inside, Jane turned back to the mirror with exaggerated calmness and, picking up her hairbrush, passed it back along the top of her head, over and over again, trying to shut off from her consciousness the monstrous presence looming behind. Somehow, after what she had seen, neat hair did not seem so important anymore, but maybe, she thought, repeated brushing would help keep the top on her brain. But instead something very peculiar seemed to be happening.

Suddenly Jane decided that it would be a good idea for her to lead a troupe of women drummers on a tour of the Communist-bloc countries. Writing a letter to Jane Austen would be faster, though, and she wondered why she had never thought of that before. On the way back to her room to get stationery from her desk she passed by the condor, which in a deep, croaking voice abruptly announced: "I feel lonesome now my baby's gone."

The enormous bird had feelings like anyone else. He had apparently only come to her room looking for companionship, after some kind of failed romance. Jane went into her bedroom and closed the door before its departure for England, leaving a call with the steward to ring her in time for band rehearsal. Then she slipped into her berth for a needed rest.

Jane's brush with insanity on Tuesday afternoon left her both shaken and confused. The only solace she could find in the bizarre episode was that it at least proved, and in a dramatic way, her seriousness as a poet. The physical explanation for what happened was that the processed sugar in all the pastries she had eaten so overwhelmed her normal processes of metabolism that the level of sugar in her blood could not be regulated and fluctuated radically, making her especially susceptible to hallucination. Whatever the physical diagnosis, Jane had long accepted that the line between creativity and madness was very thin, and that even in the ordinary act of setting a poem down on paper the mental processes of the poet would, in clinical terms, be considered insane. From this perspective what happened Tuesday was less of a shock for her than it might have been for the average person, but it was still frightening. For those who must live every day on the edge of lunacy there is always a real fear that they will at some point cross the line and not return. And after a bullet has been sent through the vital regions of the brain, there is a feeling that one can't go home again.

On Saturday afternoon Jane was happy to be going to the

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Cornell game with Ben Pasquali. Football games were part of the experience of her generation, and participating in the life of ordinary college students would perhaps help her acquire their easy acceptance of reality. As the Harvard University Band played down Boylston Street on the way to the stadium, she and Ben followed. The sun and white clouds were in the sky, otherwise it was blue. Continuing onto the Lars Anderson Memorial Bridge they crossed over the Charles River, a narrow waterway which irrigated the university and provided transportation for members of the crew and sailing teams. When the whole river froze during the winter it was said to be possible to skate on it all the way to Concord, where the famous shot was fired.

In addition to its role as scenery the river seemed to hold for some an odd and occasionally fatal fascination. Several decades before, a Mississippi cousin of Jane's mother had, in a deranged moment while at Harvard, jumped from the bridge to a death by drowning. Just the year before, when Jane was a freshman, a classmate in her upper level expository writing class had written an essay about how in the early morning darkness, after losing her virginity, she had put her Gucci shoes and a cocktail dress from Henri Bendel—symbolizing her former life as a New York socialite—in a bag and dropped it from the side of the bridge to the Charles below. It turned out later that she had not actually thrown her clothes in the river—that was just a metaphor. But the loss of her virginity was real.

On the other side of the river was Soldiers Field and the ancient concrete stadium built as a memorial to the Harvard men who had served in World War I—the area had been used as their parade grounds before the war. There was an implied symbolism in the stadium's placement here.

College football is an American rite of passage from early to late afternoon on autumn Saturdays. Perhaps sensing this, Ben bought an official program for them to share. Jane followed the game with interest, though cheering mistakenly several times during the first half due to confusion about the direction of play. Looking around her, she noticed that many other young women were wearing pastel sweaters. They dotted the stadium: some yellow, like hers, others pink or green. The light-colored sweaters were, she thought, metaphors for innocence, though no actual innocence.

Early in the game the sight of a bird hovering over the far end of the stadium gave her a momentary start; then she saw that it was only a seagull which had strayed in from the bay. It was when the band was on the field during halftime that she saw what she had dreaded to see. Immediately following a sprinter's gunshot which sent the band marchers scurrying like insects into a new formation, she saw the dark bird sketched on the field below her, its wings lifted in menace. Another gunshot sounded and the bird vanished, frightened away.

Harvard lost that afternoon, but there was a general feeling afterwards that one day the two colleges would play each other again. Ben and Jane stood listening while the band poignantly played "Fair Harvard." From the outside Jane had the appearance of a normal college girl, melancholy at her school's defeat. But inside she felt something far worse, not at all normal. The frightening vision of halftime would not let her go, but kept playing over and over again in her mind. She had the sickening feeling that no matter for how long the black condor might disappear, it would always be coming back.

That evening when she and Ben were out having dinner and drinks with friends, Jane only went through the motions of having a good time, and not even all of those. She did not drink anything alcoholic because that would cloud her mind, and complete mental lucidity was the possession she valued most. A little after 8 o'clock she thanked Ben for the game, and asked him to excuse her, as she had to go back to her room to do some work.

"This is like something out of Kafka!" he said. "You don't seriously mean to work at 8 o'clock on Saturday night?"

"It's not that I want to work, it's that I feel I have to. Don't you remember what things looked like to you from the bottom of that laundry hamper back at Exeter? I feel tremendously uneasy inside, and this is a feeling I have to do something with. Of course I suppose I could take my poetic talent and use it to become a good date, but is that what you would really want from me? If I were confident that I would always have this ability it would be different, but I might lose it at any time. Keats was tremendously prolific until shortly after he turned twenty-six and stopped writing completely. Rupert Brooke ran dry at twenty-eight. I have to recognize these facts."

Jane walked back to Quincy House, putting one foot in front of the other, and vice versa, over and over again. She had failed utterly in her attempt to lead the life of an average college girl. She thought of the "good-time babies" from other colleges who, soused on beer, would be puking their insides out all over Eliot House stairwells that night. For a poet to be a normal college student was like trying to turn a meadowlark into a pigeon—and pigeons were dirty, dirty things, Jane knew that from having grown up in New York City. But she did not mean that in an unkind way.

As soon as Jane was back in her room she sat down on the sofa with pen and notebook to try to get some of her uneasiness out on paper. But, suddenly, she had nothing to say. She sat for an hour without writing a line. Finally it had happened, she was blocked. The creativity had stopped.

There was a rustling nearby and she turned to see the huge black bird perched in the double-width livingroom window she had foolishly left open.

"What do you want?" she asked the bird in a nearly hysterical voice. "Why do you keep hounding me?"

The condor just stared back at her stupidly. There was an odd look of peace in its eyes, but Jane did not see that. Her fear of the condor and of having lost her ability to write had put her in such a frenzied state that it seemed anything might happen, and that whatever it was would probably not be good. All her life she had been to schools at which she was only taught how "to ask the right questions," so now that she needed an answer she just reached for the one which was closest—the same answer Anne Sexton and Sylvia Plath had found. There could be no doubting her artistic seriousness now. Her commitment was white hot—as theirs had been. Why did she want to kill herself? Because she did not want to live any longer. If Ben, or her father, or Jim had been there with her, none of this would ever have happened. A feeling of euphoria overwhelmed her. All she needed was the instrument of death. There was no oven in her room, no gun or automobile exhaust pipe. And she had never been a string saver—she regretted that now. She walked to the window and looked out—three stories, not enough. In the medicine cabinet, on the bottom shelf, she found a bottle of Seconal capsules. □

—TO BE CONTINUED NEXT ISSUE—

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THE PUBLIC POLICY
by
Christopher C. DeMuth

Defending Consumers Against Regulation

When President Carter was an obscure candidate in the wilds of New Hampshire, he began to attract attention and support with his fervent promises to slim down the federal bureaucracy. Having settled comfortably in Washington, he proposed the creation of two new federal agencies and succeeded in creating one (the Department of Energy) during his first year in office. This performance followed perfectly the precedent of Presidents Nixon and Ford, whose theoretical aversion to big government was even more emphatic than President Carter's, and who managed to establish eight major agencies in as many years without being seriously brought to account for it. (My figure does not include the Plumbers Bureau.)

My concern here is with the agency President Carter has so far failed to establish but which, I predict, he will secure in fulfillment of his second-year quota. This is the Agency for Consumer Advocacy, which bade fair to pass the Congress last spring, but which was temporarily defeated through the opposition of business groups, such as the Chamber of Commerce, and practically all political conservatives. I should like to argue that the Consumer Advocacy proposal is potentially the most strategically sound "regulatory reform" yet conceived, and that the uncompromising opposition of conservatives, businessmen, and others who wish to reduce the scope of political fiddling in the economic marketplace, was mistaken. An understandable mistake, given the confusion surrounding the debates over "consumer advocacy" and "regulatory reform," but one which promises unhappy consequences when the proposal finally becomes law.

The terms "consumer advocacy" and "consumer interest" have acquired a bad odor among businessmen and conservatives in recent years because of the association of these terms with the splurge of new health, safety, and environmental laws. At a formal level, the rationale of these laws has been that they correct various "market failures," such as the social costs of pollution, which a firm may ignore in the absence of legislation or common-law liability. But these laws have also been, in varying degrees, hostile toward traditional business values and paternalistic toward the consumer. In all they have enormously increased the costs and uncertainties of doing business, and have played an important role in propelling the young lawyers and civil servants of the "new class" to positions of social leadership and prestige once held by business managers themselves. To many businessmen beleaguered by these developments, "regulatory reform" has come to mean a counterrevolution against the consumer movement which would, at the very least, teach the "new class" good business manners: that regulations must take account of costs as well as benefits, and must be precise and predictable enough to restore a degree of confidence to the business decisions they affect.

There is, however, an older and very different meaning to the term "consumer interest"—libertarian rather than paternalistic—in connection with laws designed to promote the paramount consumer interest in free markets, vigorous price and product competition, and a wide variety of choice. Thus, the original purpose of the Sherman Act (as Robert Bork demonstrated some years back) was to promote the interest of "consumer welfare" against the extortions of monopolies, price-fixing agreements, and other output-restricting schemes. The Clayton and Federal Trade Commission Acts were in many respects drafted with the same view of the "consumer interest" in mind. This distinction cannot be pushed too far, as monopolies and cartels are in a sense "market failures" themselves, and many businessmen resent the antitrust laws as much as they resent OSHA and EPA. Nevertheless, the antitrust laws do aim to promote such traditional economic goals as output maximization and the efficient operation of markets: Those who defend the right to sell Tab to knowledgeable consumers do not generally defend the right to sell it at a price fixed with that of Diet Pepsi. And although careless antitrust enforcement has often had perverse effects upon competition and efficiency, it has not involved hordes of shaggy-haired kids instructing senior business executives whether and where to build new factories, or their purchasing agents what shaped toilet seats to order.

The "consumer interest" in this traditional, libertarian sense has been the moving force behind its own brand of "regulatory reform"—the kind championed not so much by businessmen themselves as by an odd alliance of government reformers such as Edward M. Kennedy, Donald I. Baker, and Paul W. MacAvoy, and aimed not so much at safety and environmental regulation as at economic regulation as practiced by "independent" agencies such as the ICC, CAB, and FCC. During the Ford years, these individuals and others like them began to apply practically the academic learning on economic regulation, the bare sum of which is that: (a) However profitable private monopolies and cartels may be in the short run (until they degenerate through cheating or new entry, usually a year or two before the Antitrust Division finds out about them), they are no substitute for the same practices sanctioned and enforced by a government agency; and (b) whether or not the true purpose of economic regulation is to protect consumers (the only respectable purpose of business regulation), in practice it consistently benefits organized economic groups at the direct expense of unorganized consumers. As a result, in recent years the Sherman and FTC Acts have been directed increasingly

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at *government-enforced* restraints on price and product competition, market entry and exit, advertising, and other fundamentals of free trade. And, at the legislative level, the "consumer interest" in vigorous economic rivalry has been the touchstone of a variety of proposals to reform the regulatory commissions by diminishing their powers to snuff out competition for the benefit of favored groups.

The libertarian view of the "consumer interest" is distinguished from the paternalistic view by the insight that, in the economic arena, what the consumer most needs protection against is not the marketplace, but the manipulation of the marketplace by government at the behest of organized economic groups. This insight is correct—anyone who doubts it may refer to the latest report of Nader's Raiders or of the American Enterprise Institute—and there are powerful institutional reasons why it is correct. Those whose stakes in regulation are large and concentrated (the regulated industries and their immediate customers, competitors, and unions) naturally attend closely to every quiver in the regulatory process, and master the complex economic and legal details necessary to press their interests persuasively; while those whose stakes are equally large but diffuse (you and me as final consumers of the products of regulated businesses) naturally do neither, since no one's individual stakes are worth the effort. But the interests of those who do attend regulatory proceedings are often in conflict with those of consumers, and frequently no party has any incentive to present the regulatory agency with either a correct economic description of the dispute at hand, or a solution which would benefit ultimate consumers as well as itself. Because the agencies seek, for both legal and political reasons, to "balance" the interests of those appearing before them, it is only by accident that regulatory decisions benefit rather than harm the silent majority of unorganized consumers.

This imbalance is powerfully reinforced by the legal standards governing judicial review of agency proceedings. In most cases appeals courts may overturn regulatory decisions only where there is a lack of "substantial evidence" supporting them. But there is almost always substantial evidence in the record—the evidence submitted by the party that prevailed! So even when decisions are outrageously anti-consumer—running a hapless independent bus driver out of business at the behest of Greyhound Lines; or prohibiting AT&T, the airlines, or the railroads from *lowering* rates to their costs—the appeals courts ordinarily have little choice but to acquiesce.

Now, the Agency for Consumer Advocacy proposal is decidedly in the libertarian tradition of the "consumer interest." The Agency's charge would be to identify and advocate the interests of consumers in federal regulatory proceedings. More importantly, the federal appeals courts would be permitted, on petition by the Agency, to set aside regulatory decisions shown to be inimical to consumers' interests. These two statutory changes are aimed precisely at what is wrong with the regulatory process as currently practiced, and are based in part on the experience of recent "regulatory reform" efforts of the Antitrust Division, the Federal Trade Commission, and the Council on Wage and Price Stability. Under the Ford administration, each of these agencies performed a generally competent job of weighing into regulatory proceedings and urging the commissions to look beyond the importunings of the immediate parties. But all three proved to be poorly suited to the task because of conflicting statutory responsibilities. For example, the FTC is itself responsible for enforcing a number of bizarre special-interest laws, and both the FTC and the Antitrust Division have been compromised, in challenging government-supported restraints on advertising, by their position in other proceedings that advertising itself is anti-competitive. Most seriously, none of these agencies can appeal regulatory decisions to the courts in a way that compels the commissions to face up to a distinct, overriding legal standard. The Agency for Consumer Advocacy could, and its governing legal standard, rather than addressing intermediate phenomena such as "unfair" or "monopolistic" commercial practices, would come straight to the point of how a particular regulatory decision affected consumers.

Coming
Next Issue:

Elliott Abrams / Michael Scully
Two Views of the U.S. Senate

Hadley Arkes
Bakke: The Legal Profession in Crisis

Charles Horner
Japan, the West,
and the World Order

James Q. Wilson
The War Against the Auto

Two widely-voiced objections to the Agency for Consumer Advocacy illustrate the most important thing to be said on its behalf. The first objection, raised by economists and many "regulatory reformers" themselves, is that if the regulatory process in fact works against those it ought to serve, the obvious remedy is to reform or abolish the regulatory agencies rather than unleash yet another one. The second, raised by lawyers such as Leon Jaworski (in congressional testimony widely publicized by the Chamber of Commerce), is that the spectacle of one federal agency confronting another in court, purportedly on behalf of a higher conception of the public interest than its bureaucratic adversary, is fundamentally undemocratic and weakens the separation of powers. There is little merit in the second objection: The Department of Justice has long had discretion to "confess error" and actively to oppose regulatory decisions appealed by other parties, a legal weapon it has used as part of the Antitrust Division's regulatory reform campaign; and of course, Mr. Jaworski himself is familiar with precedent for one agency of the executive branch taking another to court with results he approves. But the objection does give emphasis to the untidiness of the notion of setting up one agency to reform the others.

The defense of this untidiness is that the Agency for Consumer Advocacy is a singularly political response to the problems of regulation, and is probably the *only* response that is currently feasible. Regulatory reform has now been in the forefront of public-policy debate for many years, and commands the general assent of virtually every important political figure in Washington. Yet none of the myriad legislative proposals to reform the regulatory agencies (with the minor exception of railroad regulation) either has passed or has any discernible prospect of passing. The reason, plainly, is that those in a position to secure the case-by-case benefits of regulation are also those in a position to protect the statutory foundations of regulation. But no individual group has a direct interest in the Consumer Advocacy bill comparable to, say, its interest in a bill to permit free entry into the trucking business. This is the secret of the proposal's much greater prospects of enactment, and of its appeal to the majority of legislators who wish to do the right thing within the narrow limits of political necessity. It is one of a number of devices Congress has been experimenting with in an attempt to find some respite from the ferocious pressures of interest-group politics, pressures which have been increasing ever since the 1930s, when the Supreme Court abandoned the last constitutional restraints on the government's authority to bestow economic favors on this and that faction. This is realism, not defeatism, and there is no reason it should be resisted by those who desire an improvement in the political and economic position of the ordinary citizen.

The battle over regulatory reform is now returning from the congressional conference tables to the regulatory trenches: Many legislators have been emphasizing recently the degree to which the commissions' own unilateral reforms could reduce the damage they do to the nation's economy. This is true as a matter of legal possibility, but it is unlikely to make much difference until there is a fundamental

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shift in the balance of power at the agency and appellate-court levels. The Agency for Consumer Advocacy, by impressing a new and proper standard on the work of the regulatory agencies, could accomplish this.

At the same time it must be said that, in the hands of anti-business ideologues or those who believe they can judge the consumer interest better than consumers themselves, the Agency for Consumer Advocacy could also accomplish great harm. Unfortunately, this possibility has been substantially increased by the circumstance that those in a position to advance and execute the libertarian vision of the Agency's function have instead chosen to oppose it every (inevitable) step of the way. It is a prime example of the continuing failure to heed Irving Kristol's admonition: that the fight to preserve a relatively free economy must be fought *within* rather than *against* the "new class" if it is to have any prospect at all for success. □

THE NATION'S PULSE
by
Peter J. Rusthoven

Blood and Gore: TV and the Law

Recently, a fifteen-year-old young man named Ronny Zamora went on trial in Miami for the murder of his eighty-two-year-old neighbor, Elinor Haggart. Zamora and a friend, also fifteen, broke into the Haggart residence last June, were confronted by its elderly inhabitant, and proceeded to shoot her to death with her own pistol. Like the scores of similar incidents which take place each year throughout the Republic, Zamora's act was not only brutal and senseless, but ultimately banal—an all too commonplace reminder of man's evil, and of how many of our fellow citizens live but a step removed from barbarism.

If Zamora's crime lacked originality, his defense attorney tried very hard to see to it that his trial would not. Ellis Rubin, whose previous legal services include the successful effort to end the National Football League's TV-blackout of sold-out home games, determined that television had a role to play in criminal law as well. Specifically, Rubin contended that responsibility for the fatal deed lay not with his youthful client, but rather with television. According to Rubin, Zamora had spent so many hours watching "Kojak," "Baretta," and "Police Woman" that it had become impossible for him to tell right from wrong. A defense psychiatrist opined that since Zamora had watched thousands of shootings and other acts of violence on TV, to him "death is just an incident in the total plot." Rubin even slapped a subpoena on Telly Savalas, who stars as the police lieutenant on "Kojak," on the theory that the murder of Elinor Haggart had traced one of the plots of the weekly series.

To the credit of the presiding jurist and the twelve men (and women) good and true who sat in judgment on Ronny Zamora, Mr. Rubin's defense proved unsuccessful. Much of the "evidence" offered by the flamboyant attorney was rejected as irrelevant by Judge Paul Baker. The jury, apparently unimpressed with the thesis that the victim had really been slain by a television set instead of the vacuous young man in the dock, proceeded to convict. And while an appeal may confidently be anticipated, it is quite likely that Ronny Zamora will spend a fair portion of his remaining years on the inside of a Florida prison.

Since Mr. Rubin appears to have lost his case, it is perhaps unkind not to award him passing marks for originality, and to some extent I do. Certainly his specific argument was a first for the courtroom. But whatever the superficial novelty of the defense, at bottom I believe that Rubin's analysis was not, in this era, very original at all. In many ways, in fact, Rubin's contention was as banal as the act of his client.

Part of that banality rests, of course, on Rubin's appeal to a theme grown trite and tiresome in recent years—the bogeyman of "TV violence." The pother surrounding this topic is one of the more irksome of the last decade, if only because it is so difficult for reasonable individuals to feel comfortable with either side of the debate. On the one hand stand the peculiar mentalities of network programming executives, a group seemingly devoted to demonstrating the inherent limits of television as a medium. In essence, their argument consists of self-righteous invocation of First Amendment pieties, advanced as justification for the steady diet of nauseous trash with which they flood the airwaves. On the other hand one finds those pompous purveyors of government nostrums for every ill which they imagine to exist among the populace, who fear that we are all simple folk whose lives will be forever altered for the worse by exposure to gunslingers on the 12-inch screen. The results of this tempestuous struggle among intellectual midgets are difficult to gauge. Our reputed saviors have given us the questionable delights of a so-called "Family Hour," enforced with gentle governmental suasion; meanwhile, the networks continue to spew forth a succession of "Mary Hartmans" and "Soaps" as examples of the new freedom of our age, while deemphasizing to a degree the simple mayhem of old.

The more troublesome aspect of the Rubin defense, however, lies not in its recitation of the trendy platitudes of TV violence, but rather in its easy assumption that the idea of individual responsibility is one lightly to be discarded. In this connection, the argument advanced in Miami is indicative not only of recent developments in the field of criminal law, but also of more general and disturbing tendencies in our attitudes towards individuals and the responsibility they bear for their actions.

While a criminal code exists to punish wrongdoers and to protect society from those unwilling to abide by agreed-upon

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norms, it serves as well a symbolic and instructive purpose. Part of that symbolism and instruction involves the spelling out of precisely which norms are considered important enough that their violation is deemed deserving of penal sanction, which in turn is one method of passing on to each succeeding generation of citizens the values that wisdom and experience have demonstrated to be worthy of protection and preservation. I submit, however, that the criminal law of a free society is imbued with a more basic symbolism and instruction, to which attention is too infrequently paid. Quite simply, the assumption that underlies the very existence of such laws is also part and parcel of the entire political philosophy on which this Republic was founded—namely, that individuals are and should be treated as adults who are responsible for the consequences of what they do, rather than as children whose acts are merely the product of chance and circumstance beyond rational control.

This fundamental concept has fared badly in recent times. If one continues to focus simply on the area of criminal law, the examples are plentiful. Consider the insanity defense. For generations, the rule was straightforward and sensible: To avoid criminal responsibility on the grounds of insanity, one had to demonstrate either a lack of capacity to distinguish between right and wrong, or a simple inability to control one's actions. These exceptions fit without difficulty into an overall framework that presumed that people could both understand and control their deeds, but recognized the possibility of instances where this presumption would not hold.

Over the last 20 years or so, however, the insanity defense has become at best a mutant variant of its original form. First, the nebulous concept of "irresistible impulse" crept in as an additional reason for escaping criminal sanction. Today, in many jurisdictions, liability can be avoided by showing that the act for which prosecution is being made was somehow "the product of a mental disease or defect," a concept which defies definition or limitation in an era in which all of us are told we carry assorted neuroses and/or psychoses in our psychological baggage. Moreover, it is now the law in many states that once a defendant merely asserts the defense of insanity, the *prosecution* has the burden of proving sanity *beyond a reasonable doubt* in order to obtain a conviction. Lest the lay reader be misled, this rule is not the exclusive property of such regions as California —it is presently the law, for example, in more prosaic jurisdictions such as Indiana. And serious arguments are advanced—or rather, arguments are advanced by people who take themselves quite seriously—that a rule of this sort is somehow compelled by the Constitution, a document whose infinite elasticity is presumed in order that such forward-looking theories may be brought under its aegis.

Of course, the people who are sympathetic to such efforts, and who were presumably sympathetic to Mr. Rubin's arguments in Miami, tend to see themselves as concerned and compassionate folk. They are disturbed to see individuals "who really couldn't help it" placed in jail. They are convinced that those who oppose their position must be insensitive and reactionary types, who lack both sympathy for their less fortunate fellows and understanding of the complexities of human motivation and behavior. And they are also, in my view, sadly mistaken. They have simply misconceived the issue.

To be sure, all of us are to one degree or another the product of a near infinite number and variety of influences, some of which are beyond our control. None of us, in short, can claim to be his own creator, a fact which should yield a greater degree of humility than most of us can claim. But we have determined, and the experience of hundreds of years has demonstrated its wisdom, that it is better both individually and in our collective existence as a civilized people to emphasize the perspective from which human beings can meaningfully be viewed as independent and responsible persons. Every freedom we cherish rests on that decision, and relies for its continued existence on the reaffirmation of that fundamental choice by each generation of citizens. Abandonment of that perspective will indicate, finally, not greater sympathy and concern for the Ronny Zamoras among us, but rather that we have grown callous to the very ideas which make all of us free.

I am not, I should emphasize, without some sympathy for Ronny Zamora, though I confess to deeper feelings on behalf of

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Elinor Haggart's friends and family. Nor do I dispute that the events in Zamora's life, including the hours he may have spent glued to the boob tube, had an impact on what he became and therefore on what he did. What I do dispute is that such things should make a difference in determining how we as a society respond to his murderous act. In other words, while I have no respect for Mr. Zamora's deed, I continue to respect his dignity as a responsible human actor who, like the rest of us, has both the right and duty to accept the consequences of what he does. Mr. Zamora is unlikely to appreciate the distinction at this point, if he ever did. Most of us, I hope, will take care to keep it in mind. □

THE TALKIES
by
David Everitt

Roseland and *Short Eyes*

Roseland was a critical success at the last New York Film Festival. It is an offbeat, sensitive movie, a string of three stories that take place in a long-standing dance hall in New York City. The Roseland dance hall is depicted as a sort of Lonely Hearts Club where widows, widowers, and the like come to lose themselves in the separate world that revolves around social dancing. The characters are very ordinary people who, in one way or another, often entertain notions of extraordinariness.

As vulnerable as these people are, the movie never sets them up for easy laughs, say, as ugly caricatures. Neither are they sentimentalized. Instead the picture hits upon an engrossing objectivity that leaves room for a natural irony and empathy. The makeup of the characters who come to the Roseland is a fine balance between vanity and yearning. What is so attractive about the film is that it makes something absorbing out of things that could have been trivial.

In the opening sequence, Teresa Wright, the leading Hollywood ingenue of the 1940s, gives a glowing performance as a widow who imagines she can see her lost husband dancing with her in a mirror. She can only see this, though, when she dances with a man who is nothing at all like her husband. Lou Jacobi plays Wright's mismatch, a rambunctious jokester. In the past Jacobi has proven himself to be a hilarious burlesque-style comic, but in *Roseland* he shows he is capable of revealing the reverse side of that persona.

David Everitt is a writer living in New York City. His first novel, Raven Bravo, *will be published by Popular Library next spring.*

The most complex sequence is the middle one, a subtle love quadrangle involving one man and three women. Christopher Walken plays the pivotal character, a pretty boy dancer turned kept man for an older woman. He is a slum kid who is content to get by on looks and an accomodating superficiality. Walken is always intriguing and he somehow manages not to be unlikable. Geraldine Chaplin, Helen Gallagher, and Joan Copeland are superb as the competitors. Their stories are skillfully entwined, complementing one another with increasing dramatic force.

Director James Ivory's visual style is consistently on target. The camera work is evocative and unobtrusive, letting the characters speak for themselves. As with the treatment of the characters, conceivably hackneyed business is made meaningful. During the middle sequence, for instance, there are many shots using the reflections of mirrors in a dance studio. Unlike the usual use of this technique, in *Roseland* it enhances the scene rather than being merely tricky. Practically all the action occurs inside the dance hall and the atmospheric possibilities of the setting are fully realized. The few exterior shots are perfectly somber wintry compositions, a fitting contrast to the microcosm inside that seems to have its denizens under a spell.

Short Eyes features another enclosed world, the pent-up ferocity of a prison. The play by Miguel Piñero is translated into a movie that is tightly constructed and vivid in almost every respect. But for all its bite and clamor, the film ultimately seems strangely unaffecting.

"Short Eyes" is the prison term for child molester. He is the one kind of criminal that other prisoners can feel morally superior to. When one of these Short Eyes, played by Bruce Davison, is brought into the slam, he becomes a marked man. Even other white prisoners will have nothing to do with him. It is only a matter of time before the situation explodes and the prisoners carry out their own barbaric justice (there's nothing to stop them because the guards are just as determined to see that the newcomer gets what he deserves).

The desperation of prison life has perhaps never been so graphically realized as in this film, no doubt because the author is an ex-con. The overcrowding, the brutality, and the hard-edged idiosyncratic language are deftly orchestrated. The cast of unknowns is uniformly convincing, playing off each other with a seething intensity. And preserving the theatrical framework appropriately conveys their enforced claustrophobia.

Two familiar names in the credits are singers Freddie Fender and Curtis Mayfield. When popular music stars are included in an otherwise downbeat, realistic film, one cannot help but suspect that the casting choices were influenced by something other than uncompromising verisimilitude—namely, good old-fashioned box office hype. It is a credit to the ingenuity of the makers of *Short Eyes* that these glossy show-biz personalities fit in as well as they do with the decidedly unglossy proceedings.

Mayfield plays an older inmate who tries to maintain some sense of dignity in those around him. The part is small but Mayfield establishes himself well in dramatically key spots. When another inmate plants a

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knife on him, he is hauled away to solitary, and the process of moral deterioration begins.

When Freddie Fender is urged by fellow prisoners to sing, the film comes dangerously close to lapsing into one of the worst Hollywood clichés (terrible visions come to mind of Frankie Avalon pleasing the gang with a song on the beach). But Fender's musical interlude turns out to be one of the more moving scenes in the film. He does an impassioned *a cappella* number that, for a moment, takes the prisoners away from the insane boredom they have to cope with. The scene is a plausible diversion from the main line of the story. The same, however, cannot be said for the follow-up performance by Curtis Mayfield which is accompanied by a full instrumental backup. It is hard to imagine any possible reason for this full scale production number, other than the fact that Mayfield's voice probably is not substantial enough to match Fender's.

As Short Eyes, Bruce Davison is uncomfortably good. He is a striking contrast to everyone else in the prison—blond-haired, mild mannered, middle class—in other words, completely unprepared to handle the viciousness that lies in store for him. What makes him additionally pathetic is that Davison is so successful at bringing the viewer close to his obsession (when I saw the picture, many people in the audience giggled nervously as he confessed his sins). The scene in which he is "executed" by his fellow convicts is as unnerving a sequence as you would ever want, or not want, to see, due not only to the violence but to Davison's torturous performance.

Despite its impact, it is difficult not to feel that the movie falls flat when it is all over. It adheres to a brand of fatalism that tends to leave one cold rather than aesthetically depressed. The fact that the inevitable happens doesn't seem to be much of a point, and though the climax is rife with emotion, there is no discernible focus to it. The result is explosive naturalism of the highest order, but for no particular reason. □

John Nollson

Interim Report

MEMORANDUM FOR THE PRESIDENT
From: Executive Director, Blue Ribbon Commission on National Philosophy Policy
Subject: Toward a National Philosophy Policy

I have the honor to submit the first interim report of the Blue Ribbon Commission on National Philosophy Policy, authorized by Public Law 94-971, with members appointed by your predecessor. You will recall that the authorizing statute charges the Commission with answering certain specific questions. This Interim Report summarizes tentative conclusions only. The staff of the Commission has not yet completed its sifting of the documents and testimony presented to it. So much material! It could fill a library!

(*1*) *What is the role of the federal government in establishing a National Philosophy Policy?*

We believe that the American people deserve a clear, comprehensive, coordinated—need we add rational?—National Philosophy Policy, as clear, comprehensive, coordinated—need we add rational?—as the American people themselves. You have defined the National Purpose; accordingly, there should also be a National Philosophy Policy.

(*2*) *Who are the American people's favorite philosophers?*

The favorite philosophers of the American people are as diverse, differential, determined (maybe), and demographic as the American people themselves. Our survey research shows a marked preference among German-Americans for Kant and Hegel. Jews—and Unitarians—show a similar preference for Martin Buber. A preference for Machiavelli and Croce correlates highly with the insistence, among certain groups, that there is no Mafia. There is a 71 percent probability that the mere mention of Ortega y Gasset to a Spanish-surnamed American will cause him to yell, "¡Viva la Causa!" On the other hand, middle Americans exhibit great regard for Locke and Mill. However, the favorite philosopher of the American people—and by the same consistently wide margin—remains Leo Durocher.

(*3*) *Should philosophers be appointed to high positions in the government?*

Definitely. Indeed, a certain number of the highest positions should be reserved exclusively for philosophers, with proportional representation for all schools. (The staff of the Commission is at work developing a formula to achieve this.) Empiricism is the dominant school, especially in the field of epistemology. The Commission's headquarters frequently have been picketed by demonstrators chanting, "What you see is what you get!" This issue is dealt with in a separate appendix.

However, it is the Commission's unanimous view that the position of Principal Foreign Policy Advisor to the President should never be filled by a philosopher. In keeping with now well-established precedent, it should be filled only by a foreign-born linguistic anthropologist.

(*4*) *Can we learn from History or are we condemned to repeat it?*

The relevant documents concerning the Commission's deliberations on this sensitive question were lost in a tragic fire. Arson is suspected. Meanwhile, the staff cannot remember the Commission's conclusions.

(*5*) *Does Art follow Life, or does Life follow Art?*

The Commission, after much digging, has established a clear relationship between the two. Much depends on the source of the artist's grant. Recently, those who have been getting their money from the Ford Foundation have shown a tendency towards socialist realism. Those who work on a straight commission basis for Nelson Rockefeller are something else again. And people who take from Joseph Coors are yet a third category. A sensible artist will not bite the hand that feeds him.

The Commission's survey research shows considerable support for the right to Life, much less support for the right to Art. The executive branch needs to be reorganized to reflect this preference. In that there already exists a National Endowment for the Arts, the Commission recommends the creation of a National Endowment for Life—or maybe the evolution of a National Endowment for Life.

(*6*) *Does man's ability to do sums support Aristotle's contention that man is rational because he can do sums?*

The Commission is as yet unable to render an opinion. Mr. Lance has not yet replied to the Commission's questionnaire.

(*7*) *As for man's relationship with the other animals, is the difference one of kind or of degree?*

The evidence is not especially encouraging. The Commission has made a careful study of experiments which seek to

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establish communication with porpoises. Clearly, open politics requires that everyone—and everything—become involved in the process. The animals have much to teach us about how to live together in energy-efficient communities, about how to relate to biosphere, about the delicate ecological balance. The Commission considers it prudent to keep an open mind about where we came from and where we are headed.

(8) Is it time to move beyond Freedom and Dignity?

The Commission has concluded that this is far from inevitable. Freedom and Dignity will be preserved if sufficient incentives are written into the tax code.

(9) Is there a need for further research?

The Commission believes there is need for much more research. Particularly bedeviling is the issue of why there is Anything instead of Nothing—or whether Everything is in fact Anything, or whether it is really Nothing as some suppose. If you assume—as the Commission did—that there is Something, then it should be a small matter to tote up Everything. On the other hand, if there is Something, how can there be Nothing at the same time? Accordingly, we must continue the search for Nothing, so as to find out whether Nothing exists. For this purpose, we recommend an appropriation of $611 million. We further recommend that the funds previously appropriated for the study of life after death be impounded, it now generally being known that such life exists. No one, however, has offered a satisfactory response to Alexander King's inquiry: Is there a life after birth? And, if there is, is it life as we know it, or is it the kind of life one finds on Mars, *viz.*, life as we do not know it?

(10) Is the shortage of Natural Philosophy real or contrived?

The shortage is real and not contrived. The Commission believes that adequate supplies of Natural Philosophy can be made available for the winter if the price of Natural Philosophy is decontrolled at the godhead. □

BOOK REVIEW

The Scientific Credibility of Freud's Theories and Therapy
Seymour Fisher and Roger P. Greenberg / Basic Books / $20.00

Joseph Adelson

A few words about the merits of this excellent book: It is a balanced, thorough, and fair-minded treatment of its topic. Yet to say so will not help the publisher sell many copies, since these are Apollonian virtues in what has become a Dionysian age in psychology. We demand sensation—discoveries, however dubious, which will dazzle and titillate. And we have been getting what we ask for; month after month every meretricious idea running loose in the Republic somehow finds its way into the pages of *Psychology Today*.

The fairness and sobriety of this book is particularly striking given its object of study—psychoanalysis—which, three-quarters of a century since its inception, has lost little of its power to attract abuse and denunciation. Within the last month, making no special effort to find examples, I have come across the following: a radical-feminist tract arguing—if that is the word—the wickedness of psychoanalysis in diverting attention from the authentic enemy, male oppression; an advertisement for a new book by a clinical psychologist who, it is said, has made a "surprising discovery of affinity between Freud's psychological system and world view and those of satanists, witches and moral nihilists, and other disturbed nonconformists"; and a new book by Paul Johnson (whose recent history of Christianity I rather admired) offering some cranky and ill-informed opinions contrasting Freud's doctrine with a figment of the imagination called "true science." We can assume that the first two of these writers are safely beyond any appeal to reason; but there must be many general readers like Johnson who are not, and who might learn a thing or two from this book, both about psychoanalysis as a theory and even more about the enormous difficulties one faces in doing "science" on complex psychological processes.

What Fisher and Greenberg have done may seem to be simplicity itself. They have tracked down and reviewed all of the available scientific evidence bearing upon Freud's observations and theoretical constructions—the word "scientific" in this case denoting studies which are more than anecdotal, which attempt to follow at least rudimentary rules of system and control. As we might expect they discover a considerable range in methodological rigor, yet one of the most appealing qualities of this book is the steadfast refusal of its authors to lecture us about Method and Evidence and all that. If a study is well-designed, and its findings therefore deserve special attention, they will say so; and if it is a poor or inadequate design, they will also say so, without any huffing and puffing. This tone—amiable but firm—is in marked contrast with what we find in many previous surveys of psychoanalysis, e.g., those composed—more or less annually—by the egregious and unreliable Professor H.J. Eysenck.

Fisher and Greenberg have been able to locate—by a rough count—2,400 references, many of these obscure, some of them unpublished doctoral dissertations. The large number is quite unexpected, for several reasons. The psychoanalysts themselves, beginning with Freud, have tended to discourage empirical exploration of analytic constructs, on the grounds that these are too subtle and entangled to be assayed properly by current methods. Most academic psychologists believe either that it is all nonsense anyway, or that the concepts are too murky to lend themselves to inquiry—that there are, in short, easier paths to fame and fortune than the tortuous work involved in testing the theory. So it comes as a pleasant surprise to see how much work has accumulated nevertheless, and how clever much of it is. Research psychologists, who have many faults, have one abiding strength: They sometimes design ingenious experiments, and we find in this book some exquisite examples of the craft.

To turn now to the Fisher/Greenberg appraisal of the evidence, first warning the reader that what follows is a summary of summaries, hence a somewhat simplified account.

1. *The dream theory*. You may remember that Freud ends the second chapter of his great work on the dream with the dramatic sentence: "When the work of interpretation has been completed, we perceive that a dream is the fulfillment of a wish"—the rest of the book being an elaboration of that sentence. Fisher and Greenberg offer a careful survey of recent research on dreams and dreaming, and conclude that although the dream may sometimes reflect the presence of underlying wishes, it does not do so exclusively. Other aspects of the inner life, other themes in addition to "wishes," are represented. Indeed, the authors are able to show, through a careful scrutiny of Freud's entire body of work, that Freud in a sense understood this, that his insistence upon "the wish" alone may have been a rhetori-

Joseph Adelson is professor of psychology and director of the Psychological Clinic at the University of Michigan.

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Early reviews are in:

Tyrrell praised & hissed

Published just seven months ago, *The Future That Doesn't Work: Social Democracy's Failures in Britain* has already generated spirited and widespread discussion in the press. In news stories, editorials, syndicated columns, reviews, and reprints, Tyrrell's book has spawned renewed interest in such questions as: What are the effects of social democracy in England? What mistakes have the English made? What lessons can Americans learn from the British experience?

There was praise and there was indignation. Here is a sampling.

The American Press — Praise

"The 'English disease' is nothing new to Americans, of course, who read of its depredations daily and, increasingly, suffer its symptoms on a firsthand basis. But *The Future That Doesn't Work* sheds new light on old headlines, from the complicity of the Conservative Party in the present retreat, to the amazing reign of British organized labor, to the welfare state's irresistible growth." —James Grant
Barron's

"The book is depressing because the prognosis for Britain is glum. Yet it is stimulating because the essays are pointedly tendentious and full of well-turned ideas with this implication: As Britain has gone, so is the United States headed." —J.A. Livingston
Philadelphia Inquirer

"Mr. Tyrrell...is to be congratulated on the quality of the contributors. Cheers also for Doubleday for publishing so valuable a collection of essays at an unusually low price."
—Arnold Beichman
Christian Science Monitor

"Many liberals today have an uneasy conscience about socialism, which as an ideal once seemed to be our best hope for overcoming the harshness of profiteering capitalism and cruel individualism. The present volume is especially useful at such a moment, when new questions have arisen about the historical program of social democracy. Three or four of its nine essays are memorable, and none is without merit. Together they have the virtue of concentrating attention upon a single, recent national experience which, rather than constituting a model for America to follow, seems rather to offer an example to be avoided."
—Michael Novak, *Commentary*

"The editor, R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr.,...has done a masterful job in gathering superb contributors whose efforts are distinct, overlapping only enough to weave a solid and coherent matrix of British society today. The result is a minor masterpiece for scholars and the general public alike." —Richard H. Amberg, Jr.
St. Louis Globe-Democrat

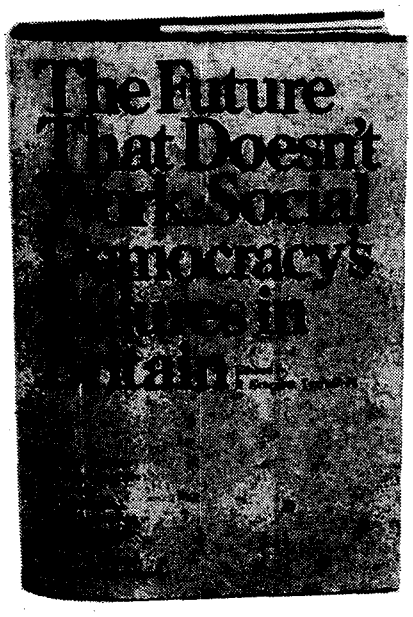
"If you really care about your own freedom, if you sense it is being threatened, if you would like to sharpen your perception about what is happening and where we are heading, you will find this book a high-yielding investment." —John Burkhart
The Saturday Evening Post

"I have trouble indeed deciding which essays to recommend most highly of the nine collected here by R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr. Each, in its own way, is timely and illuminating....riveting and...deserving of a wide audience." —William Murchison
Dallas Morning News

The American Press — Indignation

"...nine essays in Anglo-American pessimism....This is familiar stuff, rather more interesting in the realm of democratic theory than in the world of policy. There are, it's true, several useful critiques of the welfare state in this book, but for the most part these are sermons to be savored by the choir." —Peter McGrath
The New Republic

"Most of the articles are ill-tempered polemics with all the staying power of yesterday's newspaper....An anthology of repetitive and cranky complaints rather than social criticism."
—*The Kirkus Review*



"Until recently it never occurred to me that American concern with British economic problems might be self-interested fear of the dreaded Socialism that supposedly ruined Britain. To my surprise, this fear is the underlying theme that unifies a well-received recent American collection of essays on *le mal anglais* called *The Future That Doesn't Work*, edited by R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr. Despite contributions from Irving Kristol, Samuel Brittan, and our newly-arrived Ambassador, Peter Jay, the book as a whole is not very good." —Robin Marris
The New Republic

"Emmett Tyrrell has brought together a babble of voices stating the obvious....And there is nothing here about the impact of racism on parliamentary democracy." —Edward Foote
Hartford Courant

"Some of the essays in *The Future That Doesn't Work* offer mere generalizations couched in offensive rhetoric. Peregrine Worsthorne's discussion of British unions, for example, is a mixture of gross overstatement...and an argument that is dangerously reminiscent—and I use the term advisedly—of fascism."
—Steven Kelman, *The New Leader*

The Foreign Press

"*The Future That Doesn't Work*, sired in America, is the most serious bid since the war to turn the tide of political thought back to the private enterprise dream. And it has been seized by British Right-wingers as the life-line they have been waiting for."
—Barbara Castle
The Guardian [Manchester]

"The book under review is a worthy reflection of Mr. Tyrrell's editorial talents. Indeed, if I were a moderately wealthy patron of the Manitoba Conservative Party, I would buy a copy for each party worker and, during the forthcoming electoral campaign, have him copiously quote from these essays."
—F.S. Manor, *Winnipeg Free Press*

"It is almost a textbook of the new intellectual movement against social democracy." —Ronald Butt
The Times [London]

"There is something a little incongruous about the ten excellent contributions to *The Future That Doesn't Work*, which expends so much intellectual flak painstakingly blowing to bits a 'philosophy' which is little better than a racket. There *is* no philosophy of British Social Democracy. But the book is necessary because, though Social Democratic philosophy may be innocuous, the results of its application are not." —Frank Johnson
Sunday Telegraph [London]

"[Irving Kristol's essay is] one of the most important political articles I have ever read." —Robert Conquest
Daily Telegraph [London]

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cal device designed to focus attention upon the more central idea that dreams are more than the mere detritus of the psychic life. Fisher and Greenberg are also persuaded that there is no sharp distinction between the "manifest" and "latent" layers of the dream, as Freud proposed, and that the dream is not designed to preserve sleep. It does, however, seem to act as "a vent or outlet for tension and disturbance." In general, the authors prefer to see the dream and its imagery not as distinct and singular products of the mind, but rather as continuous with other modes of fantasy.

2. *The developmental theory*. Despite its importance in the history of psychoanalysis, the dream theory is not really vital to the system itself; but the developmental theory is. Should Freud's account of the child's experience turn out to be seriously flawed, very little would be left. Recognizing this, research psychologists have put a great deal of their effort into the study of developmental topics—the theory of oral and anal constellations, the Oedipus complex, the achievement of sexual identity, the growth of conscience. An abundance of research is available, rather too much to summarize here—e.g., 17 pages are given over to a table abstracting studies of the oral phase alone.

On the whole, Freud's theory of development holds up extremely well. The weight of the evidence suggests that there is indeed an oral character, marked by tendency to seek approval from others, pessimism, and an orientation towards oral behavior such as overeating, drinking, and smoking. The theory of the anal character is also well supported, the authors concluding that "various general measures of anality have proven to be significantly correlated with specific behavioral indices of orderliness, obstinacy, and parsimony." Furthermore there is some suggestive evidence linking anality to the intensity of anal attitudes in the mother. Some of the studies reported in this section are particularly impressive, in that they involve predictions from the theory to rather remote realms of behavior, for example, differential predictions as to how oral and anal personalities will react in a conditioning experiment. The predictions are by no means obvious and, even more to the point, would not have been generated by competing theories of personality.

As to the Oedipus complex, Fisher and Greenberg point out correctly that it is not a unified theory, but that it involves several rather distinct elements—among others the child's erotic attachment to and rivalry with the parents, the separate sources of anxiety for boys and girls, the resolution of the complex via identification, and the establishment of the superego. They also point out how difficult it is to test some of these ideas. Yet to the degree that they can be tested, the theory as a whole stands up well. It is most clear, to cite one example, that men tend to be susceptible to castration anxiety (and its derivatives) and women to fear of loss of love. On the other hand there are some genuine difficulties in the theory of identification and a great deal of confusion regarding sex differences in the sense of guilt.

Perhaps the most inadequate part of the Oedipal theory is the set of propositions on the girl's development and on feminine psychology in general. Here Freud's observations went seriously awry. He focused upon penis-envy as a universal and definitive event in the formation of feminine character, a choice which in turn led to both a simplified and distorted view of the girl's psychological growth. That the theory was unsatisfactory was evident almost at once, and at some level Freud seems to have recognized this, given his uncharacteristically querulous defensiveness. When challenged, he took a dogmatic line, and imposed his view of feminine psychology on his followers by sheer force of will and status. It has been something of an embarrassment ever since.

3. *Psychopathology*. Two chapters are given over to Freud's writings on psychopathology, specifically to his views on the origins of homosexuality and of paranoia, these being areas where enough empirical work has accumulated to allow an adequate test. In both instances the research supports the theory.

As is well known Freud understood homosexuality as an outcome of a disturbed family relationship. The male child —little is as yet understood about lesbianism either clinically or through research— cannot establish a secure relationship with the father, one which will allow him to become masculine through the normal processes of identification. Most of the studies which have been done confirm these observations. Homosexuals perceive their fathers as rejecting, hostile, and neglectful. Although the picture of the mother is not quite as clear, a large number of the studies report her being seen as excessively intimate and seductive. Freud's notion of a heightened castration anxiety is also supported, in the sense that for many homosexuals childhood was marked by excessive timidity and trepidation.

Freud's theory of the origins of paranoia is a spectacular example of his at times uncanny grasp of psychodynamics. He seems to have had little direct experience with the disorder, and drew his inferences from an autobiographical account given by a clinically paranoid jurist, Daniel Paul Schreber. Freud was able to perceive that Schreber's rather baroque delusions, seemingly little more than the incoherences of a madman, were dominated by an inner logic: They were the expression of the writer's struggle against disavowed homosexual wishes. Some remarkably inventive research has been carried out in the testing of this hypothesis, almost all of which has confirmed Freud's formulation. The chapter which reports the paranoia studies is a particularly exciting one to read, in that the brilliance of the theory is matched by the ingenuity of many of the investigations.

4. *Psychotherapy*. Almost one-third of this book is devoted to the question most likely to interest the general reader: Does psychoanalysis work as a treatment? The short answer is yes—most of the time. A somewhat longer answer runs—yes, but apparently no more so than other modes of psychotherapy. Yet the value of the account given by Fisher and Greenberg—which I found masterful—is not that it yields these answers; it is rather in the lucid, painstaking way it shows us why these and other answers are so hard to achieve. There are few problems in the social sciences more difficult to study. To take a fairly simple complication: Even among "orthodox" Freudians we find a substantial heterodoxy in clinical practice. What is proper procedure for Dr. A may represent the rankest heresy for Dr. B. To compound the problem, in the research literature we find an even wider range of practices subsumed under the rubric "psychoanalysis." As the authors tell us: "Therapists, skilled and unskilled, experienced and inexperienced, are regularly given the mission of instilling insight and focusing on transference even though it is apparent that many have conflicting ideas about what they are doing and what they hope to accomplish." This heterogeneity of practice is only one of a number of sources of variation. Consider the following: differences in defining what is meant by "change" or "cure" or "improvement," and in measuring these; vast differences in the nature and intensity of clients' problems; differences in the skill, experience, and personality of therapists themselves.

These problems have made it difficult to provide simple demonstrations of the value of psychoanalysis and of other forms of dynamic psychotherapy; and this absence of neat proofs has led at times to a yahoo cynicism, among some psychologists, about any and all psychodynamic approaches to treatment. Nevertheless we have had a slow but striking growth of positive findings. In reading this book's review of the evidence one is taken by the fact that the more concrete, the more measurable the outcome variable, the more impressive the results. For example, the authors report two uncontrolled yet compelling studies showing substantial and stable remissions in ulcer and colitis patients; and a well-controlled research demonstrating that persons who have undergone psychotherapy are less likely to suffer serious medical problems in later years. Since the book limits itself to studies bearing more or less directly on psychoanalytic therapy, it does not explore the full range of work on therapeutic effectiveness; had it done so the positive evidence would certainly have been stronger.

I hope most readers will come away from this book with an enhanced appreciation of Freud's *clinical* genius. Intellectual audiences have, I suspect, neglected that part

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—that central part—of Freud's work, and have tended to give undue attention to the roles he adopted late in life—as sage, pundit, *gelehrter*, intellectual adventurer. To be sure he functioned brilliantly in these roles, inventing *inter alia* psychohistory, psychobiography, psychological anthropology, and new modes of literary analysis. Yet it was an amateur's brilliance, and he was dead wrong much of the time—wrong about Dostoevsky, about Leonardo, about Ur-history, embarrassingly wrong about such matters as the authorship of Shakespeare's plays. Those who meet Freud on their territory—the arts, anthropology, religion, history—and venture no deeper into his thought, are liable to see him as Nabokov did, as a bit of a charlatan. In the clinical realm he was sometimes off the mark, but he seems never to have been entirely wrong; and of course he was much of the time breathtakingly correct. Long before Freud became—in Auden's words—a climate of opinion, he was an extraordinary clinical observer, and this book takes us, calmly and patiently, into that astonishing mind. □

BOOK REVIEW

Loose Change: Three Women of the Sixties
Sara Davidson / Doubleday / $9.50

Naomi Decter

Sara Davidson, Susie Hersh Berman, and Natasha Taylor were sorority sisters at Berkeley in the early sixties. Each in her own way helped to form and was formed by the social "revolution" of the 1960s. When, a decade or so later, Davidson felt the need to create a history of the generation that discovered sexual liberation, political morality, and idealistic zeal, she decided to do it in the form of a personal memoir of the three charter members she knew best. Hours of rap sessions and self-examination later, *Loose Change* was born. The book provides, if nothing else, three striking portraits of the flower of our youth.

Pride of place goes, in art as in life, to Natasha, whose fey beauty and spirituality won for her a special place in the hearts of all who knew her. Natasha, haunted by the sad end of her father—he gave up his ideals to keep her in Jaguars and birth-control pills—eschewed the conventional life and opted for the deeper life of the New York art world. In New York after college, she landed a job at a suitably fashionable art gallery, lived in a suitably dingy railroad flat, and drifted into a suitably neurotic "relationship" with a famous sculptor, married and twenty years her senior. His chief attractions seem to have been a taste for the best foods and wines, the money to buy them, and a saintly patience in the matter of listening to and analyzing Natasha's premonitory dreams. This idyll came, sadly but inevitably, to an end after several years, and Natasha when last seen had found bliss in the arms of Mr. Right—an All-American art dealer with a fourteen-year-old son and a well-stocked kitchen.

Like Natasha, Susie disdained conventionality: She was a revolutionary at Berkeley. Well, at least Jeff Berman, her "co-hab" and later husband, told her she was. Since Susie was not inclined to bother her pretty little head about things like ideas, she took his word for it. Through the years of student unrest—and graduate and post-graduate student unrest—Jeff taught her right thinking about who should own what, who should kill whom, whether the revolution should come now or later, and who should carry it out. For herself, she worried about her body odor—and Jeff's—and whether to tell Jeff she'd never had, couldn't have, couldn't even imagine an orgasm. After she divorced Jeff and got liberated, though, when she was finally allowed to have her own ideas, she found that he had been right all along. She *was* a revolutionary, only the oppressed class here wasn't the working class or students or even blacks; it was—her. Hadn't she been denied an understanding of the physical functioning of her very own body—and thus denied orgasm—to say nothing of the freedom to think? After years of searching—at Berkeley, in communes in the west, in an adobe hut in New Mexico, and even in Vietnam—she finally found her identity. She was a doctor at heart, one whose mission was to make sure women would be on intimate terms with their bodies. At book's end, she was happily enrolled in medical school, gloating at her triumph over a system that had tried to deprive her, and all women, of their basic human right to orgasm.

Sara never had a real orgasm problem. Of course, she didn't *always* have them, but often enough that she could say with a fair amount of certainty that she'd overcome the guilt instilled in her by her mother. Sara's main problem, as she discovered in college, was that she *had* no problems! Once she left college and started making it in the world of journalism, however, she began to encounter them. You could say that her greatest problem in that period of her life was her honesty. Some of the people she covered for the *Boston Globe*, for example, were chagrined by their portraits, when all she'd done was to tell the honest truth about them as human beings. And her husband was deeply disturbed because she was too honest to be able to give him the kind of devoted, unswerving moral support he gave her. The greatest honesty problem, however, was professional: When she finally decided to abandon the slick and clever tone that had earned her such a reputation as a journalist and to do an honest piece about something she cared passionately about, *Esquire*, the *Atlantic*, and *Harper's* were not impressed. Her honesty, thus, made enemies, broke up her marriage, and caused a decline in her career. The writing of this book was undertaken as a cathartic measure. Only by getting it out in the open—by exploring the reason for this unflinching honesty—could she really deal with her past and get on with the future. It seems to have had the desired effect; by the time the book was finished, Sara was feeling better about the world and looking ahead with a more hopeful eye. She probably even felt pretty and had stopped fretting about her too-long legs.

Davidson allows the girls' own voices to color the sections devoted to each of them. Natasha's style is pretentious, laden with clumsy imagery; Susie's is explicitly obscene; Sara's is smooth, confident, allusive. The result is a not-too-subtle blend of high-school yearbookese and the latest in ladies' clinical, unerotic pornography. The substance of the book fits its style perfectly: It is a chronicle of ten years of fashions, passing popular fads, and dull, unsatisfying sexual encounters.

For anyone susceptible to vicarious nostalgia, *Loose Change* might be mild fun: There's nothing like reading about someone else's adolescent trauma. But the fun wears thin with the realization that these girls were at the end of their adolescence when their tales began. And, more importantly, they are, by their own account, describing a historic period in human and social development. They considered themselves to be deeply devoted to this great upheaval going on around them. How telling it is that in the midst of the exciting turmoil they worried only about

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the size of their breasts, the color of their hair, and, of course, the number of their orgasms.

This memoir is a fascinating—though hardly surprising—revelation of the generation that touted itself as the most idealistic, the most honest, and the most moral ever. They claimed to be more honest than preceding generations, but their honesty was nothing more than insensitivity and callousness towards the frailties of others. They claimed to be idealistic, but their idealism—devoid of both ideals and ideas—was merely the automatic and contemptuous rejection of their parents' ideas and ideals. They claimed to be moral, but for them morality meant how the world treated them, not how they behaved in it; their morality clearly placed no taboo on the public discussion of lovers' weaknesses.

Like any good child of the sixties, Davidson is full of contempt for the children of the seventies, who have nothing "on their minds other than money and security." She asks us to believe that what *she* had on *her* mind was really so much more admirable; the fact is, however, that what she and her friends had on their minds was themselves. They devoted their lives to making sure that they had what they wanted. And what they wanted was to look pretty, to have nice clothes, to own nice furniture, and to be accorded the respect due them as members of the most wonderful group of kids ever produced.

One would be hard put to find more self-involved, mindless, and grasping people than Sara and her gang. And yet, having demonstrated their clear inferiority as human beings, they demand recognition of their clear superiority to the rest of us money-grubbers. They, after all, are children of the sixties; that magic formula sets them free: They behave in the most despicable way and expect praise for it —because they have the right credentials. It is this demand for automatic and unthinking admiration that makes *Loose Change* a shameful and disgusting book. □

BOOK REVIEW

They Call It Justice: Command Influence and the Court-Martial System
Luther C. West / Viking Press / $12.95

Joseph W. Bishop, Jr.

The publisher's blurb describes *They Call It Justice: Command Influence and the Court-Martial System* as a discussion of "command approved fraud and command rigging of courts-martial" and the "cruelties of the American judicial system," and adds that the author "exposes high-ranking military officers as jury-fixers and conspirators." About half the book is in fact a polemic against command influence, military justice, and the military in general, including an entire chapter on that monumentally trivial species of oppression, the Army's haircut regulations. The quality of Colonel West's argument is variable; sometimes it is reasoned and even fairly objective, sometimes hardly above the rant suggested by the blurb.

The other half is a collection of anecdotal reminiscences of the sort that most trial lawyers could write and a great many have written. Louis Nizer's *My Life in Court* is probably the best-selling example of the genre. Colonel West, who has an unfortunate tendency to lapse into the jargon of the military bureaucracy (e.g., he confuses "advise" and "inform" in a way that sometimes makes his meaning obscure), does not write as well as Mr. Nizer, but some of his tales of his forensic triumphs, and some of his military gossip (of a kind common to armies the world over) about the General's mistress and so forth, are moderately good reading. Their relation to his main theme, however, is at best tangential: They suggest, in fact, that military defense counsel has about as good a chance as a civilian lawyer of obtaining an acquittal (just or unjust) in a criminal trial. In fact, as Colonel West does not point out, the conviction rate in courts-martial is not significantly higher than in civilian trials. Most cases that go to trial in either system result in guilty verdicts, not because the proceedings are rigged against the accused, but because both district attorneys and military prosecutors are ordinarily reluctant to go to court unless they think the evidence is fairly solid. (The Army has the additional advantage that the commonest military offense, absence without leave, rarely presents any difficulty of proof.) In military practice, as in civilian, most cases are settled by plea-bargaining. The military may press doubtful charges when the case involves a variety of malefaction (e.g., black marketing or racial brawling) on which the commander wants to crack down; this, of course, is a form of command influence. But district attorneys, who are usually running for higher office, have been known to do the same when the case is sensational and likely to generate headlines.

Colonel West repeatedly complains that his career as a regular army judge advocate was ruined by his superiors' resentment of his success as defense counsel. If he is right, those superiors were guilty of violating Article 37 of the Uniform Code of Military Justice which, *inter alia*, forbids commanders to "give a less favorable rating or evaluation...because of the zeal with which [the person being rated] represented any accused before a court-martial." But the facts of his career do not seem to support his lament. In 17 years of service he was promoted from First Lieutenant to Captain to Major to Lieutenant Colonel; he retired in 1968 with a substantial pension. This is almost precisely par for the course, an average career in the regular army. And if, in fact, his commanders and their staff judge advocates were not favorably impressed by some of the artful dodges which he gleefully recounts, their reaction was human, if not legal. Such tactics as securing the dismissal of a charge by spotting a careless typist's omission of a key word (although both he and his client were perfectly aware of the nature of the offense charged), or pressuring a court-martial to acquit (which is a speedier process than conviction and sentencing) by springing on the members at the last moment the news that the helicopter which represented their only chance to avoid spending the night at an exceptionally uncomfortable post in Korea would leave in thirty minutes, are legitimate, and even more or less ethical, but they do not improve the image of the legal profession in the eyes of ordinary citizens. Nor am I much edified by his policy, when he became a staff judge advocate himself, of recommending to the convening authority that *every* sentence be reduced or suspended, without regard to the merits of the particular case.

Nevertheless, command influence in military justice *is* a serious problem. It was hardly a problem at all until after World War II, for none of the three branches of government saw anything wrong with it; the Articles of War were perceived as essentially a method by which military

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commanders could maintain strict and severe discipline. As Macaulay, writing in the middle of the last century, put it: "[O]f all the maladies incident to the body politic, military insubordination is that which requires most prompt and drastic remedies....For the general safety, therefore, a summary jurisdiction of terrible extent must, in camps, be entrusted to rude tribunals composed of men of the sword." Colonel West recounts a number of old cases, familiar to students of military law, which show that Macaulay's splendid rhetoric was not much exaggerated. The finest example is probably the 1883 case of Lieutenant Keyes of the Fifth Cavalry, in which the Colonel commanding the regiment preferred the charges, testified for the prosecution, and, as a member of the court, voted to convict and cashier. When Keyes took his case to the civilian courts, the Supreme Court of the United States gave him short shrift: "[W]hatever irregularities or errors are alleged to have occurred in the proceedings, the sentence of dismissal must be held valid when it is questioned in this collateral way." There were many subsequent cases which were almost as hard as *Keyes*. Colonel West's historical chapters include some of the most shocking, as well as a reasonably accurate account of the Court of Military Appeals' erratic progress toward enforcement of that Article of the Uniform Code which attempts to outlaw command influence.

But the most astonishing aspect of West's tract on command influence is the breadth and scope of its omissions. He seems hardly aware of any development in the law after his retirement. This may be excusable in the case of comparatively recent reforms, such as the Army's establishment in the Office of the Judge Advocate General of a Field Defense Service to furnish research and advice to defense counsel in all commands. But there is hardly a word about the rapid development in the last 15 years of the federal courts' jurisdiction to review court-martial convictions (via *habeas corpus*, suits for back pay in the Court of Claims, and several other techniques), and the many holdings, by the Court of Military Appeals and by civilian courts, up to and including the Supreme Court, that soldiers have constitutional rights whose denial may lead to nullification of court-martial verdicts. Cases like *Keyes* are as dead as Dred Scott's case.

Most astounding of all, I cannot find in the book a single reference to the Military Justice Act of 1968, which represents Congress' strongest effort to get rid of command influence. That Act created the Military Judge and gave the accused the right in non-capital cases (capital cases are extremely rare) to elect trial by a judge sitting alone. When the accused so elects, as he does in a very large majority of cases, the convening authority cannot pack the "jury" by selecting those members of his command who will determine guilt or innocence and, if they convict, assess the punishment. The Military Judge is responsible only to the Judge Advocate General of the service concerned; the commander who convenes the court has nothing to do with his efficiency reports or promotion. A book with such extraordinary gaps, whether deliberate or merely the result of ignorance, cannot be considered a useful contribution to the literature on command influence or any other aspect of military justice.

Colonel West devotes several chapters to the courts-martial, notably that of Lieutenant Calley, which followed the My Lai massacre. He adds very little to the extensive literature on the subject. The only fact which is new to me is that Calley had been charged some months before the story of the massacre broke in the press. West regards Calley's conviction as unjust, on the ground that the Lieutenant was merely carrying out the genocidal policy of the United States. His ideas on the international law of war seem to consist largely of the slogans of those he calls "my good friends in the Citizens Commission of Inquiry into U.S. War Crimes in Vietnam," including those slogans which contradict each other. Thus, he terms "a vicious violation of the rules of land warfare" the United States' use of artillery fire in areas infiltrated by enemy forces but still inhabited by noncombatants. Unless we are to say that belligerents can immunize themselves from enemy fire by the simple technique of mingling with noncombatants —an idea that is explicitly repudiated by Article 28 of the Geneva Convention on the Protection of Civilian Persons and which no belligerent has ever accepted—the only alternative is to move the noncombatants out of the area. In fact, both Article 49 of the Geneva Convention and Article 26 of the older Hague Regulations encourage such evacuation, and the Secretary General of the United Nations in 1970 urged all belligerents "to ensure that civilians are removed from, or kept out of areas...likely to place them in jeopardy or expose them to the hazards of warfare." But Colonel West also denounces as a war crime the practice of "resettlement" of noncombatants.

Certainly the record of the American forces in Vietnam was bad, although better than Colonel West says and very much better than that of North Vietnam. (It goes without saying that he never mentions the fact that North Vietnam regularly and in cold blood massacred noncombatants on a scale far surpassing My Lai.) The trials of Lieutenant Calley and the other My Lai defendants—all but Calley were acquitted —were a most inadequate response. But

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inadequate as were the American disciplinary measures, a less partisan writer might have noted that they were something of a landmark precedent. To the best of my knowledge no other nation at war has ever tried members of its own forces for war crimes. In short, Colonel West's treatment of the law of war is even less scholarly and more purely propagandistic than his chapters on command influence.

To return to the book's principal theme, more could and should be done to eliminate command influence from military justice. Colonel West's recommendations, though I do not agree with all of them, are oddly restrained and reasonable, considering the tone of what has gone before. He advocates that the administration of military justice be entrusted to civilians under the control of the Attorney General, and that trials be handled by civilian lawyers and judges. But since he does not trust "juries composed of white farmers in southern Alabama [or] of blacks drawn largely from the inner-city ghetto," he favors juries of soldiers drawn by lot. I would myself prefer an expansion of the power and independence of military judges —specifically giving them tenure during good behavior and referring all cases arising in the military to permanent military courts composed of one or (for serious offenses) three to five judges, both military and civilian. There is something to be said for military experience and expertise in the trial of military crimes.

I have my doubts about military juries selected at random, for the armed services are less able to afford the luxury of unjust acquittals than is civilian society. It might be difficult to obtain convictions for absence without leave, when some of the jurors may be tempted to go AWOL themselves, or convictions in war-crime cases, when few soldiers have much sympathy for the victims. I would not exclude military lawyers from practice as appointed defense counsel, though I see no objection to using civilians too. (The accused is, of course, always entitled to retain his own civilian counsel.) I would remove defense counsel from the chain of command, as military judges have been. On the other hand, I think the commander's responsibility for discipline entitles him to a strong say in the decision whether to refer charges to a military court or to resort to milder sanctions, and in the decision as to what degree of clemency is appropriate. Finally, I would make the decisions of the Court of Military Appeals reviewable by the Supreme Court (not, as Colonel West recommends, by the Circuit Courts of Appeal) by writ of *certiorari*. As a practical matter, collateral review by the federal courts now includes appeal to the Supreme Court, and the change would decrease the caseload of the inferior federal courts without adding much to that of the highest court.

All in all, a bad book on a good subject. □

BOOK REVIEW

Theory and Processes of History

Frederick J. Teggart / University of California Press / $4.95

Robert Nisbet

We can be grateful to the University of California Press for restoring to print this volume, which is actually two separate, though related books by Teggart: the earlier (1918) *The Processes of History* and the later *Theory of History* (1925). Both originally published by Yale University Press, they were brought within the covers of one book by the University of California Press in 1941. The first paperback edition appeared in 1960, and has been out of print for several years.

Teggart was one of the genuinely original minds in the historical and social sciences during the first half of the century. For those who have been excited by the ostensible novelty of Collingwood's *Idea of History*, Isaiah Berlin's *Historical Inevitability*, and Karl Popper's *Poverty of Historicism*, a reading of these two books by Teggart will be salutary. Not that Teggart ever claimed originality for himself, but he had a penchant for making his way to books and ideas well off the mainstream in his day. He was the most learned man I have ever known, and was regarded with some awe at Berkeley where he taught for a third of a century, retiring in 1940, dying at age 76 in 1946. Except for four undergraduate years at Stanford, his vast learning was entirely self-acquired. He was a librarian for the first ten or so years after receiving his A.B., but those were years of immense reading and the beginnings of what would be a stream of articles and books during the rest of his life. Like a few other great scholars of his age, he disdained a Ph.D., no doubt wondering, as others did on written record, who would be qualified to examine him. He was a stormy petrel in the Berkeley history department after he received appointment there as Associate Professor in 1911, and when he broke with it a few years later—to create his own department at Berkeley, built around the history of ideas and the comparative study of peoples and cultures —there must have been tremors in the San Andreas fault. Certainly there were lasting divisions and fissures on the Berkeley faculty even when I got to that campus as an undergraduate in 1932, and Teggart had become a kind of legendary figure on the campus. Quick to temper, fierce in resolve, it was said that the earth shook every time he changed his mind. He could be wonderfully patient and understanding, though, as I discovered during the several years I studied under him, and at his best he was a lustrous teacher, always demanding but at the same time inspiring, by example and spoken word.

Teggart's scholarship has always seemed to me grossly underrated, especially in this country, and yet I could be wrong, as I think of the written expressions of obligation and esteem. Toynbee, in one of the final volumes of his *A Study of History*, declares that it was Teggart's works which first attracted him to the idea of a comparative, plural history and furthermore, Toynbee writes, "showed me where to find the entry into my subject after I had been groping for it without succeeding in discovering it by my own native lights." Robert Park, a major founding influence in the famous Chicago school of sociology, was strong in his praise, and in his use of Teggart's insights into migrations of peoples and the breakup of what Teggart called "idea-systems." Harry Elmer Barnes, himself learned and effective in his best years and notoriously hard to please, said of Teggart that he was "unquestionably the foremost writer in this country, if not in the world, on the theoretical basis of the new history as the science of social change." Although Teggart was a recluse by nature, almost never attending scholarly meetings and conferences, and, to my knowledge, never paying any living scholar a written compliment, he nevertheless received the acco-

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lades of such distinguished historians as Paxson, Shotwell, and Robinson.

Teggart's passion was making a science of history; more specifically, abandoning the conventional format of the writing of history—which he declared a form of art, like any narrative "story," irrespective of its claimed objectivity or its grounding in documents and observations—and using the empirical materials of history in ways akin to the operations of scientists. For Teggart this called for eschewal of unilinear narrative, single time-frame, and the artificial forcing of the diverse and plural into the unitary. More positively, it called, in his view, for history regarded as the *comparative* study of events, institutions, cultures, such study to be undertaken with a distinct question or problem in mind that permitted the kinds of answers which could be found in such disciplines as geology, biology, and other sciences. Hence the great emphasis in *The Processes of History* (the second of the two works in this volume) upon the necessary formulation of guiding problems and tentative hypotheses, upon the kinds of forces involved in the rise of political kingdoms and their conflicts with kinship systems (the historical struggle between family and state was a kind of paradigm in Teggart's comparative-institutional studies), and upon the great significance of migrations and invasions in creating the conditions under which old, rigid systems of thought were dissolved, making possible the rise of new ones. One of his obsessing interests was the far-flung eruptions, all in the sixth century B.C., of the religions associated with the names of Zoroaster in Persia, Lao-tze and Confucius in China, Mahavira (founder of Jainism) and Buddha in India, the prophets Ezekiel and Second Isaiah in Judea, Thales in Ionia, and Pythagoras in southern Italy. Explain that patterning in time over the whole Eurasian continent, he used to say, and you will have at long last brought the *science*, rather than the Thucydides-formed *art*, of history into being. Teggart's own effort at a scientific study of historical materials resulted in his notable *Rome and China*, a work that deals in comparative fashion, working from hypotheses to be tested, with the successive assaults upon and then invasions of Rome by the barbarian peoples. His search for an answer took him across Asia to China, its Great Wall and its changing political systems.

Teggart was much more than the comparative historian. As his *Theory of History* in this volume demonstrates, he was at home in the history of ideas in Western civilization. His special interest was the idea of progress, and I believe his course on the subject (commencing in 1919 in his own newly-created department) was the first in this country. *Theory of History* is an absorbing treatment of the theoretical foundations of conventional history on the one hand and, on the other, of the study of social change in the social sciences. What the *Annales* group in Paris today criticizes as *l'histoire événementielle* was dealt with critically by Teggart as early as 1910 in a fascinating article in the *American Historical Review*, and at greater length in the two works contained in this volume. The reader will also find a much more compact and forthright statement of the differentiations among events, small and large, short and long, and their diverse impacts in Teggart's *Theory of History*, published half a century ago, than in the tortured, prolix passages which we find in Braudel and others of his French school.

Finally, Teggart was, to my knowledge, the first to recognize that under the pretentious terminology of "social evolution" and "social development" in the 19th and 20th centuries lay nothing in fact derived from the scientific-biological study of evolution, but rather spin-offs of the idea, the philosophy, of progress that had begun with the Greeks, received masterful statement by St. Augustine, and succeeded in becoming the master-idea of the social sciences in the 19th and much of the 20th centuries. Those who find themselves impressed by the recent renascence of evolutionary sociology, associated with the names of Talcott Parsons, Robert Bellah, and Gerhard Lenski, among others, owe it to themselves to read Teggart's chapters on the subject in his *Theory of History*. His brilliant insights and conceptual uncoverings are as relevant today—and as badly needed—as when he first published them. In my own *Social Change and History*, dedicated to Teggart, I have, I think successfully, brought out the true presuppositions and assumptions of our social evolutionists, so-called, but my book would not have been possible without Teggart's powerful, but long-neglected, critical insights.

Perhaps a few personal notes on this remarkable mind are in order, by way of conclusion. Radical though he was in the areas of theory and method in history and the social sciences, he was a full-blown conservative in ideological-political matters. I saw more of him than anyone save members of his immediate family during the years 1936-43, and I can testify that he and Edmund Burke are, if there is a heaven, close by each other. He feared the New Deal and its centralizing, monopolizing impact upon American society, and voted resolutely against FDR. He had a genuine hatred of war and the military, believing them to be the most destructive forces, historically, upon civil society, especially family and local community; but this notwithstanding, he was among the very first at Berkeley to recognize the threat Hitler posed to Western freedom, and he used to rage at the Chamberlains and Daladiers in Europe for not sensing immediately what Hitler was actually about. Socialism in any and all its forms, he used to assure me, was only absolute political power extended through handouts into every corner and crevice of society. I think, though, that he despised liberals—the kind I was, I fear, when first I began to study and work under him—more than out-and-out radicals. The first time I ever visited him in his office I had my week's *Nation* and *New Republic* in hand. He didn't say anything, but there was something suggesting itself to me that if I was going to continue reading such tripe, I had best leave it outside his office. (I am glad to say that I quit cold-turkey within the year.) He was not, however ideologically inclined, much less politically absorbed. I had the sense that he regarded all politicians (and the overwhelming majority of university administrators, paid and unpaid) as fools. He voted regularly, but it was to vote against, not for, someone. He was, as I trust I have made evident in this review, a great teacher in all respects. Oh yes, he liked what I brought to him of Mencken! □

THE WORST BOOK OF THE YEAR
(continued from page 4)

loathing are not such alluring literary props. Somewhere at this very hour Coover doubtless is dreaming up new philosophical metaphors—why not a U.S. Senator undone by bushy nose hair? What of a Supreme Court Justice with incurable flatulence?—but he dreams in obscurity. Whole armies of hacks would have to be exterminated before readers would turn to him.

The Public Burning is momentous in its failure. Technically flawed, intellectually unserviceable, stupefyingly boring, it is prodigiously worthy of the 1977 Harold Robbins Award for the worst book of the year. And, bearing in mind Coover's flap-doodle about Communism, I should like very much to have the award presented to him by Andrei Sakharov, if only we could spring him from The Phantom's maw.

As winner of the coveted Harold Robbins Award for Worst Book of the Year, Mr. Coover will receeive Robbins' complete works in handsome, pre-owned, paperbound volumes. The award will be presented at a ceremony in Mr. Coover's honor to be held at the Women's Christian Temperance Union drinking fountain on the west portico of the Monroe County Courthouse in Bloomington, Indiana. Past Robbins Laureates Theodore White, Peter Schrag, and Lillian Hellman head the list of invited dignitaries. □

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CURRENT WISDOM

Boston Globe

The timelessness of art, elegantly demonstrated by the distinguished Mr. Kevin Kelly while reviewing a recent production of Shakespeare's *Richard III*:

Richard is a warped personality but his evil is seductive enough to make even his worst enemies forgive him, at least temporarily, which is long enough for him to knot his malevolence into a tight shroud. In the midst of howling cruelty, he is able to dictate silence and, in the silence, he hobbles with a beckoning, if ruthless charm. Consider Idi Amin. And then your thoughts may track back to Nixon, Hitler, Caligula...The past is indeed prologue.

[*June 19, 1977*]

The New Republic

Ken Bode, politics editor of the *New Republic*, reveals a faith to believe almost anything:

I think Andy Young will turn out to be President Carter's best appointment. Because of his personal stature and the presidential confidence he obviously enjoys—and, yes, because of his outspokenness and the color of his skin—he is the right man in the right job at the right time.

[*November 12, 1977*]

Family Health / Today's Health

Another inspirational disquisition on modern morality from a rigorist learned in the ways of the National Mental Health Association:

Knowing how to handle excessive and inappropriate guilt can help you avoid mental suffering, emotionally induced illness, and even tragedy. But sometimes powerful guilt feelings are pushed far beneath the layers of our conscious thinking....If you have done something morally or ethically wrong, accept it—and forget it.

[*July 1977*]

New York

Pretty letters from Mr. Doug Ireland, eloquent political observer and poet for *New York* magazine:

Carter has more blacks and women in his administration than in any other, but how much influence do they have when he tells us poor women can't have abortions because "life is unfair"?

[*October 3, 1977*]

New Woman

Beyond Christian Science with Dr. Donald L. Dudley and the celebrated Elton Welke in *New Woman*, a promising organ of feminist *Weltansicht*, available at Kroger stores all over the Republic:

What about the healthy 10 percent who do not become ill or suffer accidents even when they experience many life changes within a short period of time? And what about the 33 percent who don't get sick? The answer is—*coping behaviors*. The essential explanation for why life changes induce illness is that life changes require one to adapt to or cope with a stressful life event. A few individuals display a near fathomless ability to cope with life changes; *these people never get sick*. Some people rely on only one or two coping behaviors and are sick all the time. Most of us fall somewhere between in the number of coping behaviors we utilize.

[*November/December 1977*]

Miscellaneous

From a sales brochure printed and mailed by the prospering capitalists at Prentice-Hall, Inc., we reprint the following bilge booming a stupendous new college textbook for all aspiring young bomb-throwers, urban guerrillas, and other auspicious products of American higher education:

Updating their highly successful first edition, Edwards, Reich and Weisskopf present a new collection of controversial articles written by *contemporary American authors*—a collection that not merely criticizes capitalism, but analyzes it in great detail from both theoretical and historical perspectives, and considers alternatives to it. This second edition of THE CAPITALIST SYSTEM will give your students a strong background in the *Marxist perspective* on the American Capitalist System. The material thus provides students with a valuable balance to the more traditional material widely used.

Part I illustrates briefly but vividly some of the *forms of oppression* that are so prevalent and so intractable in the United States today. Part II lays the basic theoretical groundwork for a *Marxist analysis of capitalist society*. Part III explains and evaluates the workings of the contemporary stage of capitalism in the United States—*monopoly capitalism*. Parts IV and V analyze *specific forms of oppression* (inequality, sexism, racism, economic crises, imperialism) in the U.S. today. In examining the current situation, these chapters seek to throw light on potential contradictions that are likely to shape future changes in the capitalist system. Part VI explores the authors' vision of a *socialist alternative to capitalism* and considers some of the possible strategies for achieving such a society in the context of the traditions of American society. An extensive bibliography is provided for those interested in further reading. Unlike most other collections of readings, THE CAPITALIST SYSTEM, SECOND EDITION is tightly woven together into a cohesive and highly readable whole by the authors' entirely new introductions to the book, to the chapters, and to the individual readings.

The Washington Post

Reporting on a highfalutin international powwow held to grumble over democracy's future, the redoubtable *Post* of greater Washington quotes the Rt. Hon. Sean MacBride, ex-warrior for the Irish Republican Army and lifelong advocate of peace through terrorism:

Sean MacBride, the United Nations high commissioner for Namibia, was typical of the sentimental leftists, Gaullists and Communists who dominated the 18-hour talkathon here.

There is, he asserted, "an enormous and complete collapse of public and private morality" that began with the Nazi extermination of the Jews.

Since then, he cited the U.S. war in Vietnam, President Nixon's disgrace over Watergate, bribery by the Lockheed corporation, CIA assassination attempts and what he said was a U.S.-promoted arms race.

"The capitalist system is terrorism," he said, "and the people are forced to take up arms and revolt against the system." Even terrorists in West Germany, he suggested, are a "counter-reaction" to a "collapse of values."

[*October 9, 1977*]

The Progressive

Exigent speculations on "the founders of the dream" presumably by the pious inhabitants thereof:

Can we, then, abolish the CIA? Of course not, the realists tell us: A great nation must protect its interests by any means at hand. A great nation can not indulge itself in muddled moralizing. A great nation preaches democracy and, if necessary, practices homicide.

And the realists may be right about what a *great* nation must do and be. But perhaps the founders of the dream, who taught us to aspire to peace and decency and justice and self-government, had something else in mind. Perhaps they were thinking of a *good* nation. A good nation would have no work for agents who despise its noblest goals.

[*October 1977*]

Psychology Today

The memoir of one of America's most tireless pests, William Sloane Coffin, Jr., suitably reviewed with vaseline and bromide by Miss Maggie Scarf, the celebrated authoress of *Body, Mind, Behavior*:

Thus while *Once to Every Man* is what one would imagine it to be—an account of the panoramic social events in which Yale's former chaplain played so central and dramatic a role—there is another, subtler story here as well. It is the tale of one of our great dissenters, dealing not only with social injustices but also with those inner imperatives that propel one forward into a revision of priorities, into a shifting sense of self, into growth.

[*November 1977*]

The New York Times Book Review

Godfrey Hodgson reveals one of those recondite truths available only to the practitioner of the inverted insight, the reasoning process by which left-liberals approach truth by rigorously denying ordinary logic, plain fact, and common sense:

The great irony of the Nixon years is that the Administration and its conservative friends succeeded in persuading a large part of the American people that the country was threatened by ideologically blinkered desperadoes of the Left, when the real danger was from ideologically blinkered desperadoes of the Right.

[*November 20, 1977*]

Mother Jones

Wise counsel from Hugh Drummond, M.D., a regular feature of the illustrious *Mother Jones*:

What are the forces that have caused our cities to be so unhealthy? The media would have you believe that murder is the stuff of junkies and counter-cultural madmen. It is not true. Murder is the stuff of commerce....

Capitalism kills. It is not just a matter of imperialistic wars or the treatment of human labor as expendable commodity. It is so vastly mistaken a way to organize human behavior that its cancerous costs are almost as great for the higher classes as for the lower....

The liberals inside the corporations and banks, as well as the liberals outside of them, and the Fascists and Communists, and the doctors and the lawyers and the generals, and the freaks and the bums are all being diseased by corporate behavior.

[*August 1977*]

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The American Spectator is looking for a circulation manager. Job involves bookkeeping, answering subscription correspondence, and filing. Must type 50 wpm or better. An ideal job for a recent graduate. Send resumé or write for application: Personnel Department, The American Spectator, P.O. Box 877, Bloomington, IN 47401. 812-334-2715.

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MISCELLANEOUS

BRAINBEAU SAVES—Send SASE to Brainbeau's Brainstorms, 1615 Belmont Avenue, Youngstown, OH 44504.

YOUR NATAL HOROSCOPE $5. Send date, time, and birthplace to Phoebus, Box 4192A, Santa Barbara, CA 93103.

MISCELLANEOUS

Recent United States Industrial Council Educational Foundation publications include *The Moral Squalor of Marxism* by Philip Vander Elst, *The "Magic" of Planning* by Dr. W.E. Cage, *A View of Solzhenitsyn* by Anthony Harrigan, *Socialist Serfdom* by Peter D. Clarke, and *Beyond Detenté* by Dr. Paul Eidelberg. For information on these and other publications available, write: USIC Educational Foundation, P.O. Box 2686, Nashville, Tenn. 37219. The Foundation also is interested in assisting young writers with research and writing projects.

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Why Not The Worst?

Tyrrell's Prose and High Moral Character Judged by Readers Across America

R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr.'s writing—in The American Spectator, Harper's, Commentary, the New York Times, and Newsweek—always elicits admiring and courteous responses from the *crème de la crème* of American intellectualoids. Hundreds of letters have poured in throughout the year. Here is a sampling of some of the most thoughtful:

"I am appalled..." *Bridgeport, Conn.* "...a new low in journalism." *Boulder, Colo.* "I do not worry about the Emmett Tyrrells of the world. The gutters are crawling with them." *Jenkintown, Penn.* "...the lowest kind of **journalistic prostitution.**" *Calgary, Alberta, Canada.* "**...disgusting falsehoods** and venomous generalizations..." *Buffalo, N.Y.* "...extremely **infantile and vulgar.**" *Kokomo, Ind.*

"I am appalled..." *Annandale, Va.* "Mr. Tyrrell's article illustrates everything that we at the university so passionately reject." *Edwardsville, Ill.* "**...a piece of trash.**" *Buffalo, N.Y.* "...uses language in an **irresponsible and dangerous** manner." *Evanston, Ill.* "The article is not only **outrageous.** It frightens me." *Washington, D.C.* "**...an exercise in bad taste.**" *Toledo, Ohio.* "...neither amusing nor intelligent." *Washington, D.C.* "...flagrantly ignorant..." *Toronto, Ontario, Canada.*

"I am appalled..." *Bozeman, Mont.* "Where does Mr. Tyrrell get his knowledge? From old movies? *Pontiac, Mich.* "**...viciously biased...**" *Lincoln, Neb.* "**...juvenile stereotyping.**" *Akron, Ohio.* "...without purpose and an insult to minimal intelligence." *Venice, Cal.* "I simply could not believe my eyes." *Oxford, Penn.* "**...ugly...**" *Worcester, Mass.*

Such thoughtful comments suggest that The American Spectator is unlikely to become required reading for the sensitive and idealistic of the Republic.

After all, The American Spectator obstinately defends and admires such quaint values as freedom, democracy, and excellence.

The American Spectator is unfashionably skeptical of such trendy piffles as women's liberation, reform politicians, Ralph Nader, hygiene of any kind, and singles bars.

And The American Spectator's editor revels in treating venerable world leaders with puckish irreverence. President Carter, for example, "remains adamant in going by the first name of a little boy," and Mao Tse-tung was, in Tyrrell's eyes, "the pudgiest revolutionary of the century...a plump little butterball."

If you are an aspiring intellectualoid, The American Spectator is poison. Stick with Rolling Stone or Ontology Today. But if you hold to *complicated* views of the world that bustles beyond your nose, if you delight in forming your own opinions, and if you want to know what some of the best writers in America are saying to discomfit some of the most preposterous lightweights, read The American Spectator, the magazine that appalls.

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